

THE
GROMECK
9





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The Elgromeck

VOLUME SEVEN



PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE MEMBERS
OF THE SENIOR CLASS

North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts
WEST RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

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To

Robert C. Lee Bates, A. M.,

Professor of Mathematics

a scholar whose ability is unquestioned;
a friend whose advice and aid are the more valued since
so freely given; a leader in College life whose efforts to
promote the welfare of the Institution and its students
are as untiring as they are effective; a man whose
modesty can not hide his many merits, whose
character "stands four-square to all the
winds that blow,"

This Volume is Dedicated



R. E. L. Yates

Robert E. Lee Yates

PROF. ROBERT E. L. YATES, Professor of Pure Mathematics in our college, was born on his father's farm in Wake County, in December, 1866.

He had the good fortune to be prepared for college by such thorough and capable teachers as Capt. J. J. Fray and Prof. Hugh Morson, who in his youth conducted an academy in Raleigh. In 1884 Prof. Yates entered Wake Forest College, where he made a most excellent record for scholarship and fine manhood. He was especially strong in mathematics. Endowed with the mathematician's habit of concentration and love of overcoming difficulties, he made progress sufficiently rapid to receive the Master's degree in four years and to be graduated as the salutatorian of his class.

After he was graduated Prof. Yates declined several offers to teach, and spent some time on his father's farm. However, in 1891 he was elected Adjunct-Professor of Mathematics in this college, and at once entered on his duties. In May 1906 he was promoted to the chair of Professor of Pure Mathematics. But previous to this promotion he spent a year in the study of higher mathematics at the University of Chicago. In 1892 Prof. Yates married Miss Minnie E. Johns of Auburn, and has five children.

Prof. Yates's success as a man and as a teacher has rested on three principles: he is able enough to know what to do; he always has character enough to do his duty; and he has a heart warm enough to love his fellow-men, both young and old. The students have always found in him a thoughtful, considerate friend who wished to help all who were willing to help themselves, and who never spared himself to benefit others.

College Calendar

1909.

THURSDAY, JULY 8—Entrance examination at each county courthouse, 10 A. M.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1—Entrance examination at the College, 9 A. M.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2—First Term begins; Registration Day.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25—Thanksgiving Day.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22—First Term ends.

1910.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5—Second Term begins; Registration Day.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19—Second Term ends.

MONDAY, MARCH 21—Third Term begins; Registration Day.

SUNDAY, MAY 29—Baccalaureate Sermon.

MONDAY, MAY 30—Alumni Day; Annual Oration.

TUESDAY, MAY 31—Commencement Day.

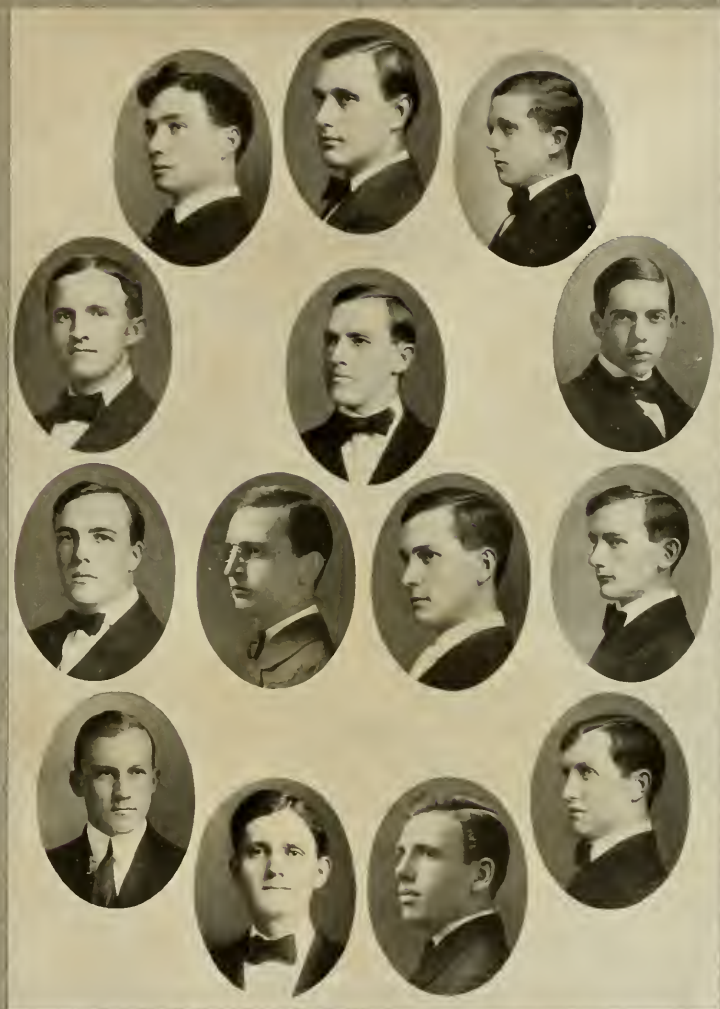
Introduction

We submit this, the seventh volume of *THE AGROMECK*, to your tender mercy. We have tried to make it show something of the work and pleasure of our college life. If in years to come it may prove a happy reminder of the days spent here, it has served well its purpose. We aimed at nothing higher and hoped for nothing less.

To all those who have helped us in any way to make this book what it is, we express our sincere thanks.

We are deeply indebted to Miss Sallie W. McMullan, and Mr. Fred Dabney of the J. P. Bell Company, and several members of the student body for drawings received from them.

We have made mistakes, and in some instances fallen short of our expectations, still we hope that this volume shall have your approval. If, for any reason, it should not, we have the sweet consolation of knowing,—we have done our best, angels could do no more.



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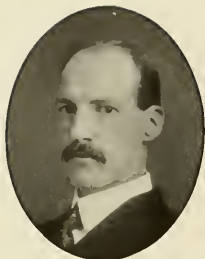
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Senior Class

MOTTO: Vivamus ut discamus (Let us live to learn)

COLORS: Maroon and Steel-Gray

FLOWER: Carnation

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R. R. FAISON.....	PROPHET

Senior Class Poem

For four long years I've sought thee,
Through many cares you've brought me,
And many times you've traught me
With dangers of one sin.

But, now, at last I have thee,
My relentless grasp's upon thee,
So humbly bow before me,
You pesky little "Goat Skin."

This poem, friends, as you will find,
Is an ode to the class of nineteen-nine;
Although void of sense and reason,
It's the best of the poet unwisely chosen.

The meaning of its lines, I fear,
Will have to be, by me, made clear;
So first of all I will attain
The little "Goat Skin" to explain.

To throw light on this enigma,
Some would call it a diploma;
"Sheep Skin" also does befall it,
"Goat Skin," I prefer to call it.

'Twould be best for you to know
The work of getting one is slow;
Short cuts will not bear repeating,
Some one might be shipped for cheating.

For four long years, through pain and pleasure,
We've struggled on for one together;
But now, at last, our "Sheep Skin's" won,
And college tasks for us are done.

Ere we leave these halls of learning,
Back to Alma Mater turning,
Let us on our parting day
Give three cheers—Maroon and Gray!

With our parting comes our sorrow,
Thoughts of cares, of the to-morrow;
But fate's reserve of pleasures and joys
Must be for the last of the "Naughty Boys."

POET.

Class History

ON a warm, sunny afternoon, in the early days of September, of 1905, the hearty hand-shakes and joyful greetings of the old students, as they lounged about the campus, were suddenly arrested, and every eye was turned towards Main Building, from which seemed to issue the volume of a multitude of throats as they swung in unison in three long, lusty yells for the Freshmen. We had been dropping in, one at a time, to the delight of the Sophomore enthusiasts, until now, raking together the scattered, seared, and stained rats, we found that there were one hundred and twelve real men who were ready and anxious to lend their voices in our first class yell.

This, of course, as you have already surmised, was the first meeting of the Class of '09, the last of the "naughty boys." Well, we went into this, our first class meeting, elected Owen Moore president, and, under his steady and nervy leadership, we set to work to offset the attacks of the Sophomores. They, of course, had been highly insulted and were very indignant at such unusual boldness being shown by the Freshmen, and went ahead at once to administer such punishment as they deemed necessary, which was always by the way, called a plenty.

But we gradually became accustomed to midnight excitement: in fact, I may say, to many of us it became a second nature, and after being called a few times in the presence of what was then to us "The Monster" who sat at the Registrar's desk, we found that we must attend to something else besides the wishes of our Sophomores friends.

But, in spite of the many sad misfortunes of our early Freshman days, we were determined to meet the "old boys" fair and square on the gridiron, and see what they were really made of. So we got together the husky farmer lads, and worked like Trojans to prepare for our great game with the winning class. The day was set, our men were ready and in uniform, but it was too cold, so the Juniors said. Another day was set, but the Juniors would not play in the rain. So, after all our exciting practice, we failed to show the older men what a bunch of Freshmen could do.

The year passed along quietly until baseball season. In this we lost, after a hard game, to the Sophomores. Our first year we were represented on the Varsity football team by Thompson, and by Thompson and Fox in baseball.

Though characterized by no great or noted events, our first year at college will forever remain a bright spot in our memory.

Real, living, prond, disdainful Sophs! To think that we who now registered in September of 1906 were ever on an equality with the meek and scorned Freshmen who now formed that class! It seemed almost beyond our conception. But, remembering our first year on the hill, it at once became our binding duty to correct their shortcomings and make them feel that someone was really interested in them. But, alas, some of the boys were too rough, and a talking Freshman opened his mouth. As a consequence, five of our leaders in this great sport were sent home. In order to effect their return the class found that they would have to pledge themselves to refrain from all forms of hazing in the future. This was a disastrous turn of affairs for us, but we accepted the terms unanimously rather than lose our unfortunate friends; for, from 112, we had already dropped to 85, and we were endeavoring to hold the class together.

In class athletics this year we lost in football, after a hard fight, but made amends by winning the championship in baseball the following spring. In Varsity athletics we were represented by Thompson and Stephens in football, and by Thompson, Fox, Jordan, Drake, and Gross in baseball.

Passing on to our Junior year, we found none of the excitement, or the immense importance that we felt when we registered as Sophomores. Most of us returned, bent on doing a better year's work than we had ever done before. Most of us realized that the Junior year is the turning point in a man's college life, if not the turning point of his whole career. With this ambition to start in with, we took up the work of making our college career really count for something in preparing for our life's work, and the year passed uneventfully. In football we won the class championship, but lost in baseball. As a whole, the desire of the class seemed to turn toward the support of the Varsity more than ever before, and more than any class that had gone before us. This year we sent out on the football squad, Stephens, Thompson, Sadler, James, Thomason, Johnson and Long. In baseball we were represented by Thompson, Fox and Gattis.

With the ending of our final examination we looked forward with pleasure to the time when we could enroll ourselves as Seniors, and we parted—with many a vow as to what we would do when the long-envied Senior year came.

At last we are Seniors! That time to which we have looked forward with a longing unutterable is here. But we are a little disappointed. Another ideal has been shattered.

For three long years we looked with wonder at the Senior and his doings and longed for the time when we would hold that exalted position. But it seemed that nothing out of the ordinary happened when we returned this year and registered as Seniors. The world took very little notice of the important affair; we came to the conclusion that Seniors are only students after all, with a few more privileges and a lot more work than other students. We were Seniors, ready to fight our last battle at old A. & M. and then to enter the great, cold world. Many, I suspect, had had varied ideas regarding what it meant to be Seniors, but it was not long till we realized that it was a serious thing. There was no class to look up to for advice; we were the leaders, we were to set the pace.

Most of the boys who had gone through the Junior year returned. There were sixty-four Seniors registered—the largest graduating class that had ever been at A. & M.

Many changes have taken place during the four years of our stay at A. & M. To the delight of the boys, the wearing of the uniform has been done away with, except while on drill. Hazing has been stopped, mainly through the efforts of the '09 men. The high standing that the college now has in athletics has been accomplished during the four years of our stay, and A. & M. now is on an equal standing in athletics with any college or university in the South. The '09 class has done more than any other to bring about this high standard: such men as Thompson, Stephens, Fox, Sadler, Johnson and Long are recognized throughout the South as among the best men in college athletics. There has been a great improvement in the military department. This department, under command of Lieutenant Young, has reached a high efficiency. The changes made in the uniform this year have been satisfactory and greatly improved the appearance of the battalion.

All are proud of A. & M.'s record in football this year. The '09 class was represented on the Varsity by Thompson, Johnson, Sadler, Stephens, Long, Marshall and Davidson.

Not only has the class taken an active part and stood high in athletics, but it has stood high in the classroom also. Many of the boys have made the honor roll every year.

The class, in one way, has been very unfortunate. Twice have we been saddened by the death of a beloved comrade. Early in our Freshman year the class was caused to mourn the death of Mr. Weaver. We had known him only a short time, but he had made many friends among us. In the beginning of our Junior year we were again caused to grieve the loss of another of our jolly band. The death of Mr. J. A. Porter brought sorrow to the heart of every member of the class. He was loved and respected by all, stood high in all his classes, and took a great interest in everything the class undertook to do. He had a smile and pleasant word for all.

Our last Christmas holidays as college men have passed; and, as usual, they were a most enjoyable period in the year; but there was a tinge of sadness about them. For some of us they were the last we would spend at home for some time; we are on the last stretch of our college life, it will soon be over. The day which we have looked forward to so long will come and go. We will leave dear old A. & M. to go out into the world and take our places as men. We will no longer be looked upon as boys, but as trained men, prepared to do the work that the State and Country is calling for us to do.

I think I am correct when I say there is not a member in the class who will not feel a sadness at heart when he comes to say a last farewell to A. & M. and bid his classmates good-bye. We will be leaving, perhaps never to return, and can hope only for an occasional meeting. Throughout life we may form friendships, but not the kind formed in college, for they are the closest and dearest of life. But the world is calling for us, so let us go forward with a determination to do something. We have received an education—now let us show to the world that we are able and willing to do our part.

JOHN ALLEN AREY.

Elmwood, N. C.



Buck.

Agriculture

*Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?*

Winner of Student Labor Prize, '03; Secretary Rural Science Club, '07; Treasurer Tenerian Literary Society, '07; Vice-President Biological Club, '07-'08; Editor *Intercollegian*, '07-'08; Chairman Prayer Meeting Committee, '06-'08; Editor *N. C. Student Farmer*, '08-'09; President Biological Club, '08; Critic T. L. S.; Country Gentlemen; Bi-Ag; Senior Private, Company Q; Age, 22 years; Height, 5 ft. 9 in.; Weight, 160 pounds.

When the second whistle blows, you will find "Buck" right there. He sleeps most when the flunkers are standing their exams. His greatest expense is for oil and lamp wicks. However, he's all to the good.

WILLIAM HERBERT DOUGHTY BAXCK.

Wilmington, N. C.

Dolie

Civil Engineering

Let me not burst in ignorance.

Senior Private, Company Q; Civil Engineering Society; Leazar Literary Society; Aero Club; Age, 21 years; Height, 5 ft. 10 in.; Weight, 156 pounds.

The hero (?) of the class. Be careful how you talk to "Bill" at the table, unless you want to take a trip to the athletic field. Failed to "get together" in '08, and decided to wait for '09. His prospects are good for '13.



JOHN WILLIAM BARRETT, JR.

Rocky Mount, N. C.



Fungus

Agriculture

Far from gay cities and the ways of men.

Secretary Tenerian Literary Society, '06; Treasurer Leazar Literary Society, '06; Recording Secretary Y. M. C. A., '06-'07; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '08-'09; Delegate Students' Conference, Asheville, '07; Finance Committee Y. M. C. A., '08-'09; Secretary Biological Club, '07-'08; Treasurer Biological Club, '07-'08; President Rural Science Club, '08; Assistant Business Manager V. C. Student Farmer, '08; Business Manager Student Farmer, '08-'09; *Red and White* Editor, '08-'09; Bi-Ag Society; Age, 18 years; Height, 5 ft. 9 in.; Weight, 140 pounds.

"Fungus" ambition is to be business manager of some noted journal, and no doubt but that he will succeed, for from previous experience he is capable of the position. His high (?) grades are deservedly gotten, for he spends most of his time in writing letters to which he can put the signature of J. W. Barrett, Jr., Business Manager V. C. Student Farmer.

CECIL DEWITT BROTHERS, A. S.

Goldsboro, N. C.

Tick

Civil Engineering

He never tastes the joy that springs from labor.

Senior Private Company Q; Civil Engineering Society; German Club; Age, 19 years; Height, 6 ft.; Weight, 150 pounds.

All of Raleigh's elite sit up and take notice when "Lord Northcroft" hits the town. Prefers the click of the ivory balls to Calculus, and, without a doubt, will make a great pool shark.





Timothy

Civil Engineering

We thank the gods our Rome hath such a soldier.

Commencement Marshal, '07; Corporal Company C, '06-'07; Sergeant Company B, '07-'08; Captain and Adjutant, '08-'09; Editor *Red and White*, '08-'09; Assistant Business Manager AGROMECK, '08-'09; Senior Inter-Society Debate, '09; Age, 19 years; Height, 5 ft. 11 in.; Weight, 150 pounds.

"Timothy" is at his best on dress parade, when with the eloquence of Apollo he adjusts the "Grecian head" to the paraphernalia of the "Captain and Adjutant." He is smooth and easy in his manners, loves innocent fun, but is as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Romeo

Mechanical Engineering

Who relished a joke, and rejoiced in a pun.

Senior Private Company Q; Vice-President Mechanical Society, '09; German Club; Band, '06-'07, '07-'08; Vaughan's Chauffeur, '08-'09; Age, 20 years; Height, 5 ft. 6½ in.; Weight, 140 pounds.

*You told me a lie, an odious, damned lie,
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.*

Took a ride in a balloon when quite young and 'tis thought his brain went to his feet, as he has been light-headed ever since. Divides his time between smoking Mr. O'Liver's cigars and cleaning Mr. Clay's automobile.



JOHN BENNETT CRAVEN

Charlotte, N. C.



Shorty
Chemistry

The world is a wheel, and it will all come around right.

Second Lieutenant Company C, '08-'09; Sergeant Company A, '07-'08; Corporal, '05-'07; Secretary-Treasurer Junior Class, '07-'08; Class Football Team, '06-'07; German Club; Chief Marshal Commencement, '08; Y. M. C. A.; Editor AGROMECK, '08-'09; Age, 22 years; Height, 6 ft. 1 in.; Weight, 155 pounds.

"Shorty" is from Mecklenburg and is never quite happy while out of sight of the Charlotte skyscraper. He has determined to go to the Philippines to be a "scout," but how he can stay away from the girls for so long a time is a problem not yet solved. One of his greatest pleasures is attending chapel at St. Mary's, where his handsome face and figure has broken more than one heart in that institution for fair women. He has won his way to the heart of "Phorny" by his astounding knowledge of Organic Chemistry. He expects to graduate in Chemistry if he ever stops laughing at the antics of "Stump."

JOSEPH FRANKLIN DAVIDSON. Statesville, N. C.

Legs

Electrical Engineering

The real thing on the farm, but an awful thing on Broadway.

Senior Private Company Q; Y. M. C. A.; Entered Sophomore Class; Pullen Literary Society; Class Baseball Team, '07; Class Football Team, '07; Substitute Varsity Football Team, '08; Age, 22 years; Height, 6 ft.; Weight, 170 pounds.

This sarcastic young representative of the mountain district of North Carolina, as his nickname will imply, is very fond of "Legs," no matter how served. He has an ample amount of his own. He "legs" the professors, "legs" the bone yard, and would leg Sam, if he could let him. When the bones are rolling high, "Legs'" musical laugh is heard far above the noise of the crowd, but when luck goes against him, the pathos in his plea as he cries, "Dear bones," brings tears to even the eyes of his great contemporary, Paul.



WILLIAM SAMUEL DEAN.

Oxford, N. C.

Sport

Textile

'Tis better to have loved and lost, than to have never loved at all.

Manager Employment Bureau, '07-'08; Won Medal Debaters' Contest, '07-'08; First Lieutenant Company B, '08-'09; Literary Editor *Red and White*, '08-'09; Vice-President Pullen Literary Society (Fall Term), '08-'09; President (Spring Terms), '08-'09; President Y. M. C. A., '08-'09; Inter-Society Debate, '09; Textile Society; Age, 25 years; Height, 5 ft. 8½ in.; Weight, 156 pounds.

Dean came to us a Sophomore full of winged and windy aspirations and an everlasting love for the fair sex. He is a sport of no mean proportions. Before making a call which comes along double daily, he goes through a regular drill of smiling and tipping his hat before the mirror. His language in conversation is mathematically correct, having the Yankee brogue down pat. He is a great and often-heard singer, but for the fact that he experiences great sadness when singing (which is suffered mutually by his hearers)—we doubt not that he would make a success in his adopted calling.

CARLTON O'NEAL DOUGHERTY.....North, S. C.

Sadie

Textile

When a man is so lazy that he won't talk, he is called profound.

Entered Sophomore Class, '06; Y. M. C. A.; Textile Society; German Club; President South Carolina Club; Northenders; Senior Private Company Q; Age, 22 years; Height, 5 ft. 11¾ in.; Weight, 156 pounds.

Another lover of Textiles and especially is he fond of the "Senior's Delight," "Leno." Were we allowed to advise a combination—"Leno," a sour pickle, "Ooks," and Dougherty would mix well. A Yale lock has recently been put on the front door of the Textile Building to keep him from slipping out to the post office to get his mail during recitation hours.



FRED ATHA DUKE.

Raleigh, N. C.



Coupon

Civil Engineering

If he be sad, he wants coupons.

Senior Private Company Q; Sergeant Company D, '07-'08; Age, 20 years; Height, 5 ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; Weight, 160 pounds.

Mr. Duke, one of Raleigh's sons, is taking a course here in Civil Engineering just as a matter of pastime, as he already holds the lucrative position as umpire of the "racant lot" ball games of the city, for which in return he gets a kind of money peculiar to his liking, and which has given him the name of "Coupons." Never did he prize this position so highly, though, as when it was the means of his getting excused from drill.

WILLIAM HUNT EATON.

Cleveland, N. C.

Bones

Agriculture

Disturb him not; let him pass peacefully.

Leazar Literary Society; Bi-Ag Society; Secretary Rural Science Club, '06; Corresponding Secretary, '07; Secretary Tenerian Literary Society, '07; Declamatory Contest, '07; Editor *Agricultural Education*, '07; Editor *Intercollegian*, '07-'08; Editor-in-Chief *Student Farmer*, '08-'09; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '08-'09; Country Gentlemen, '09; President Biological Club, '09; Age, 22 years; Height, 5 ft. 10 in.; Weight, 135 pounds.

"Bones," the co-worker of Mr. Barrett, has a mind larger than his body, shown by the high standard which he, as editor-in-chief, has brought the "Bryology" journal of this College. However, he is thinking of resigning this position to take up one with the U. S. Government—provided they cut Geography out of the examination. His favorite pastime is doing "stunts."





Ringo

Agriculture

*Calm-thinking villain, whom no faith could fix
Of crooked counsels and dark politics.*

Biological Club; Rural Science Club; Corporal Band, '06-'07; Sergeant Band, '07; Drum Major Band, '08; Second Lieutenant Company B, '08-'09; Chief Rooter, '06-'07, '07-'08; Manager Class Football Team, '06-'07; Class Poet, '06-'07; Class Prophet, '08-'09; Assistant Manager Varsity Baseball Team, '07-'08; Manager Baseball Team, '08-'09; German Club; Age, 21 years; Height, 5 ft. 9 in.; Weight, 155 pounds.

This is Ralph, the gas bag. He talks and talks, and then talks some more. When he came to A. & M., he registered Mining Engineer, but being such a lover of nature, soon changed to Agriculture. His highest ambition is to get to the Philippines, where no doubt, with his scientific knowledge of agriculture, and his glib tongue, he will do wonders in developing the agricultural resources on the islands.

Goat

Mechanical Engineering

*There is no pleasure like the pain of loving and
being loved.*

Vice-President Mechanical Society (First Term), '08-'09; President German Club (Second Term), '08-'09; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '09; President Aero Club, '08-'09; Editor AGROMECK; Senior Private Company Q; Age, 19 years; Height, 5 ft. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; Weight, 164 pounds.

We have animals of all descriptions in our class, but only one "Goat." "Goat," though, is not the black sheep his name would imply. He runs a good bluff in the Y. M. C. A., and goes to "Peace" and sings about it. But outside of this, and his irresistible desire to be with the ladies, we are forced to call him a "good egg." The mechanical world will surely stare in wonder some day at the accomplishments of this young animal.



FRANK LINDSAY FOARD, F. Z.

Winston-Salem, N. C.



Fritz

Agriculture

The village all declared how much he knew.

Senior Private Company Q; Rural Science Club; Age, 21 years; Height, 5 ft. 11 in.; Weight, 150 pounds.

He hails from Winston-Salem and is a business man by instinct. Is a member of the Foard-Mason Confectionery Company, and was originator of the "Bouc Yard Club." He believes in agriculture, theoretically, but not practically. He never ventures out unless accompanied by his true and devoted friend, "Tight." He isn't much of a ladies' man, though he never grows tired of picturing to his friends the future Mrs. Foard and the little home, sweet home on the farm.

ROSCOE LOOMIS FOX, A. J.

Waynesboro, Va.

Leno

Textile

A man that can't sing, and will sing, should be sent to Sing Sing.

Senior Private Company Q; Varsity Baseball Team, '06, '07, '08, '09; Textile Society; Coach Class Baseball Team, '08; Bass Textile Quartette; Age, 23 years; Height, 5 ft. 11 in.; Weight, 168 pounds.

Did ever man break so many hearts? Yet, he says they call him the "woman hater." But, it is rumored that John's heart is safely stored away in a certain eastern town. He is all right on the diamond, where his chief delight is to sacrifice, bunt and go out. John can "hand it out," though—he is the only original hot-air artist in the '09 class.



LEWIS PRICE GATTIS.

Raleigh, N. C.



Shug

Electrical Engineering

*I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nobody.*

Senior Private Company Q; German Club; Class Baseball Team, '05; Class Football Team, '06; Varsity Baseball Team, '08-'09; Age, 20 years; Height, 5 ft. 9 in.; Weight, 150 pounds.

One of those Raleigh boys, "Lewis," at the college, but "Mr. Gattis," down town. A baseball artist and also quite a ladies' man. A charter member and firm believer in the "home yard."

ALBERT SIDNEY GOSS, K. A.

Union, S. C.

Sid

Civil Engineering

*I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith
to be content.*

Entered Sophomore Class; Varsity Baseball Team, '07; Captain Scrub Baseball Team, '08; Scrub Football Team, '08; Vice-President German Club, '08-'09; Editor *Red and White*, '08-'09; Senior Private Company Q; Age, 21 years; Height, 5 ft. 8½ in.; Weight, 150 pounds.

Good-natured, kind-hearted and broad-minded is this South Carolinian. "Sid" is a true believer in Southern hospitality, is a friend to everyone who knows him, and is never out of humor. He is a great admirer of the "fair sex," and is never so happy as when sacrificing his heart and time, trying to please them.



*Huck*

Civil Engineering

Little, but loud.

Declaimer, '05-'06, '06-'07; Secretary Pullen Literary Society, '06-'07; Captain Class Football Team, '06; Commencement Marshal, '06-'07; Vice-President Sophomore Class, '06-'07; Oratorical Contest, '07-'08; First Sergeant Company C, '07-'08; Assistant Manager Varsity Football Team, '07; Manager All-Class Baseball Team, '07; Secretary and Treasurer C. E. Society, '07-'08; President P. L. S., '08-'09 (First Term); Manager Varsity Football Team, '08; Saints; Editor AGROMECK, '08-'09; Senior Debate, '08-'09; German Club; Senior Private Company Q; Age, 23 years, Height, 5 ft. 8 in.; Weight, 135 pounds.

Charlie Pool is a bull around college and you would hardly recognize him in the same lad who picked huckleberries in the swamps until rings formed around his ankles. He is a noted "hot-air" artist, but a young lady did bluff him out once, while selling stereopticon views. He is "one of the boys," however, and when there is anything doing you can always find Charlie right there. You can judge for yourself whether he has fooled us, but everybody does stand by this young student from the sea.

ANDREW HARTSFIELD GREEN, JR., I Z

Raleigh, N. C.

Ezra

Agriculture

Things that are past are done with me.

Biological Club; Rural Science Club; Country Gentlemen; Corporal Company B, '06-'07; Sergeant Company A, '07-'08; Senior Private Company Q; Age, 21 years; Height, 5 ft. 9 in.; Weight, 140 pounds.

"Ezra" has been his name for these many years, but recently he has had it changed to "Heart Smasher." He has studied hard at A. and M. that he may be able to fill and hold down the position of teacher of Botany at B. T. W. Although he lives in Raleigh, he realizes the pleasure that abounds in nature, and has decided that sowing seed and reaping the harvest is the greatest profession man can follow.



WILLIAM ROY HAMPTON, $\Sigma \Phi E$

Plymouth, N. C.



Baby Stump

Chemistry

A lion among ladies is a most dangerous thing.

Senior Private Company Q; German Club, '06-'07, '07-'08, '08-'09; Tennis Club, '08-'09; Vice-President Athletic Association, '08; Manager Track Team, '08; Assistant Leader German Club, '07-'08; President Senior Class, '08-'09; Marshal Pullen Literary Society Debate, '05; Saints, '08-'09; Assistant Manager Track Team, '07-'08; Leader German Club, '08-'09; Commencement Marshal, '06; V. M. C. A., '06; Aero Club; Age, 18 years; Height, 5 ft. 7 in.; Weight, 152 pounds.

"Stump" is the cute boy of the Senior Class, and a lion in Raleigh Society. Although not yet fully developed, he would fain leave with one the impression of being an authority on all subjects, from Military Science to Physiological Chemistry. Runs a good bluff outside the laboratory but would be lost when inside without the assistance of Toomer. Inquire of "Stump" as to the latest styles in dress and as to the proper time to have acute indigestion.

JOHN WILLIAM HARRISON.

Lawndale, N. C.

Cap

Mechanical Engineering

*Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close.*

Captain Company A, '08-'09; First Sergeant Company B, '07-'08; Corporal Company A, '06-'07; Business Manager AGROMECK, '08-'09; Vice-President Junior Class, '07-'08; President Mechanical Society (First Term), '08-'09; Vice-President Mechanical Society (Two Terms), '07-'08; Historian Sophomore Class, '06-'07; Scholarship Honor Roll, '05-'06, '06-'07, '07-'08; Commencement Marshal, '08; Class Football Team, '07; Age, 23 years; Height, 5 ft. 11 in.; Weight, 150 pounds.

"J. W." has a never lagging interest in "Blond" and B. U. W., but lacks the nerve to venture within this youthful knowledge shop. His knowledge of gas engines is second only to that of the International Correspondence School.





Tommie

Civil Engineering

Conservative men are like paper-weights—they hold things down, but seldom move.

Captain Band, '08-'09; First Sergeant Band, '07-'08; Editor ACROMECK; Luminary Club; Glee Club, '07-'08; Class Football Team, '07; Age, 24 years; Height, 5 ft. 10½ in.; Weight, 160 pounds.

"Tom," since emerging from the scrumps of Jones County, has figured quite prominently at the small end of the bass horn, and, although he has not yet made his d'but, expects in the near future to make a formal call on one of the fair sex. Tom's "a man for a' that and a' that."

LEONARD HENDERSON

Salisbury, N. C.

Sleepy

Mechanical Engineer

The devil will catch him asleep at his post.

Senior Private Company Q; Mechanical Society; Age, 20 years; Height, 6 ft.; Weight, 130 pounds.

Professor Parks, when wanting something done quickly, always calls on "Lin." When still a Freshman, he won his title, "Sleepy," which ever since he has earnestly endeavored to uphold. On practical work he is often marked absent for failing to turn "his wide side" to the professor's view. Charter member of the "bone yard" club.



*Hig*

Agriculture

Arise, and shake the hay-seed out of thine hair.

Senior Private Company Q; Leazar Literary Society; Bi-Ag Society; Vice-President Rural Science Club, '07; President R. S. C., '09; Critic Biological Club, '09; Scout Moonshiner Club, '06; Country Gentlemen; Editor *Student Farmer*, '08-'09; Age, 22 years; Height, 5 ft. 8 in.; Weight, 150 pounds.

It was Higgins' vote which threw the election to Taft by such a big majority. It is a failure to laugh and then drop off into a peaceful sleep while on German. This mountain youth is expected to revolutionize farming by his infinite knowledge of Dairying and Bacteriology.

DANIEL HARVEY HILL, JR., II K A.....West Raleigh, N. C.

Harvey

Chemistry

Brains, not size, make men.

Editor AGROMECK; Class Baseball Team, '06-'07, '07-'08; All-Class Baseball Team, '08; German Club; Senior Private Company Q; Member of the Five Chemics Band, '07-'08; Age, 19 years; Height, 5 ft. 6 in.; Weight, 135 pounds.

Harvey is not at all partial, and during only this year he has transferred his affections from Peace to St. Mary's. It is prophesied that his next move will be fatal and he will find the queen of his dreams and the heroines of his air castles at the Baptist University. He expects to be a chemist, if he ever grows tall enough to fill a burette without the assistance of a steppladder. Official timekeeper in the laboratory.



WAYNE ARINGTON HORNADAY, 1 Z

Burlington, N. C.



Hans

Agriculture

Talking is more or less a consumption of energy.

Captain Company D, '08-'09; Editor AGROMECK; Marshal Inter-Society Debate, '08; Editor N. C. Student Farmer; Sergeant, '07-'08; Corporal, '06-'07; Vice-President Tennis Club, '08-'09; Vice-President Rural Science Club, '07; Biological Club; Leazar Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Bi-Ag Society; Country Gentlemen; Age, 20 years; Height, 5 ft. 10 in.; Weight, 145 pounds.

Although a tiller of the soil, his intellect has shown that he has yet a chance to make his way in life. The fair visitors at Dress Parade are often captivated by the sonorous innovations of his voice and his military carriage. It is his full intention to get married, if next year's "pair" crop is a success.

JOHN WILLIAM IVEY.

La Grange, N. C.

Smiley

Mechanical Engineering

Late he sat at night, and bleared his weary eyes with books.

First Lieutenant Company C, '08-'09; Sergeant, '08; Corporal, '07; Mechanical Society; Y. M. C. A.; Age, 19 years; Height, 5 ft. 11 in.; Weight, 160 pounds.

Really well versed in the game of tennis as played from the masculine standpoint, he does not understand why Saturday afternoon practice is compulsory at girls' schools. His new occupation of inspecting, combined with the former of studying, leaves John very little time to shine on the campus.



WILLIAM FLAHER RICHARDSON JOHNSON, K. I.

Marion, S. C.



Dick

Civil Engineering

I am Sir Oracle; and when I speak, let no dog bark.

Senior Private Company Q; Vice-President German Club, '09; Member Saturday Evening Club; Member Saints; Tenor in Second Dormitory Quartette; Half-back Varsity Football Team, '07-'08; Scrub Baseball Team, '08; Treack Team, '08; Captain Track Team, '09; Class Baseball Team, '07; Editor *Red and White*, '08-'09; Age, 22 years; Height, 6 ft.; Weight, 165 pounds.

Honk! Honk! this is not the faculty automobile, it's only "Dick." He has recently refused a flattering offer from the owners of the "Sacing Raleigh" automobile to fill the important position of the horn. "Dick" is always right in love. It's hard to keep a good man down, and, although stung once or twice, lemons have no horror for him. Something of this may be proved by the number of events he won in the track meet—he leads a fast life.

FREDERICK JOHNS JONES

New Berne, N. C.

Freddie

Civil Engineering

My beauty did haunt me in my sleep.

Senior Private Company Q; Y. M. C. A.; Leazar Literary Society; Tennis Club; Sergeant Company E, '07-'08; Censor L. L. S., '09; Age, 19 years; Height, 6 ft.; Weight, 150 pounds.

"On to Washington!" is the cry of this sandy-haired youth from New Berne. Hardly known until his Senior year, he has suddenly achieved popularity and renown, through moving-picture fame and oyster roasts. "Freddie" is a great songster; his friends always soothe themselves to sleep by the strains of "Red Wing," as it comes floating down the hall.



*Jim*

Agriculture

Man delights not me, nor woman either.

Y. M. C. A.; Biological Club; Rural Science Club; Treasurer Rural Science Club, '07; Sergeant Company C, '07-'08; Censor Leazar Literary Society, '08; Bi-Ag Society; Secretary Bi-Ag Society, '08-'09; Editor N. C. *Student Farmer*, '08-'09; First Lieutenant Company A, '08-'09; Country Gentlemen; Age, 23 years; Height, 5 ft. 11 in.; Weight 165 pounds.

For four years he has been so quiet that not even his roommate is able to tell a joke on him. Unlike the proverbial farmer, he is the most irregular man who ever registered Agriculture.

Bullet

Agriculture

None but himself can be his parallel.

Class Football Team, '05; Captain Scrub Football Team, '06; Varsity Football Team, '07-'08; President Athletic Association, '08; President German Club, '08; Leader German Club, '06; Chief Rooter, '06-'07; Tennis Club; Senior Private Company Q; Saints; Editor *AGROMECK*, '08-'09; Age, 22 years; Height, 5 ft. 9½ in.; Weight, 172 pounds.

"Shorty" is a "Lady Killer," and takes great pleasure in practicing his wiles on the innocent, unsuspecting, and unsophisticated flossies of Raleigh. "He is just crazy to dance with B———." "Bullet" is an all-round handy man from the grid-iron to dispensing candles over the counter of the college book store. If he hasn't got it, he will have it sent out from Whiting Brothers.



SAMUEL MACON MALLISON, *Σ Φ Ε*

Washington, N. C.



Swamp

Civil Engineering

The man of our dimension.

Senior Private Company Q; Class Football Team, '07; German Club; Corporal Company A, '06-'07; Sergeant Company D, '07-'08; Age, 21 years; Height, 6 ft. 1 in.; Weight, 150 pounds.

The only original "Swamp Fox" in captivity is "Sam." Early in life he attained his great height by stretching for the tops of huckleberry bushes. He assumed the responsibility of inspector of Dord House through his own generosity, without remuneration from college.

WILLIAM BOYDEN MARSHALL, *Η Κ Α, Τ Α Ε*.....Rocky Mount, N. C.

Susan

Mechanical Engineer

Stiff in opinion, often in the wrong.

First Lieutenant Band, '08-'09; Varsity Football Team, '08; German Club; Mechanical Society; Captain All-Class Baseball Team, '08; Captain Class Football Team, '07; Track Team, '08; Class Baseball Team, '08; Class Football Team, '06; Tennis Club; Glee Club; Pullen Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Age, 19 years; Height, 5 ft. 11 in.; Weight, 150 pounds.

In the front row of the Baptist choir is seen the lovely face of this beautiful lad from Rocky Mount. It has been hinted darkly, however, that Roy does not go merely to lift his melodious voice for the admiration of the congregation, but sings only to one, and "her" smiling face inspires him to music almost divine. His fair complexion is due partly to Cashmere Bouquet and Pompeian Cream. Took a course in love-making by mail, in the I. C. S. Don't call him Susan, or "words to that effect," or ask him what size shoe he wears.



RALPH CECIL MASON, I Z

Edenton, N. C.



Tight

Agriculture

Something a woman jumps at in the same manner in which she jumps off a street car—which is backwards.

Senior Private Company Q; Honors in Scholarship, '05-'06, '06-'07; Country Gentlemen; Bi-Ag Society; Rural Science Club; Biological Club; Editor A. C. Student Farmer; Age, 20 years; Height, 6 ft.; Weight, 145 pounds.

"*Tight Wad*" early made himself famous by starting a credit system in his candy emporium that calls for cash on delivery. In connection with his candy establishment he runs the "Monte Carlo Bone Yard," in which the loser buys edibles for the cowed from "Waddy." By working this graft he has succeeded in cornering most of the cash in the college, and he keeps it too, for his name is t-i-g-h-t.

ARTHUR BALLARD MASSEY

Salisbury, Md.

Feet

Agriculture

Nature, after making him, broke the mould.

Senior Private Company Q; Biological Club; Rural Science Club; Country Gentlemen; Division Inspector, '08-'09; Age, 20 years; Height, 6 ft.; Weight, 165 pounds.

This young fellow keeps his own counsel, and consequently his classmates know comparatively nothing about what he expects to do. He is a great ladies' man and can be seen almost any Sunday walking from church with his girl. You notice he is always walking. Why? Simply because the doors to the street cars are too small for him to get his dainty little foot through. He will come out all right where it takes a good (size) understanding, and where most people could not comprehend.





Sportie

Textile

You look wise, pray correct that error.

Second Lieutenant Company B, '08-'09; Sergeant Company A, '07-'08; Corporal Company A, '06-'07; Y. M. C. A.; President Tompkins Textile Society, '09; German Club; Northender; Baritone Textile Quartette; Age, 23 years; Height, 5 ft. 6 in.; Weight, 132 pounds.

Old "Tex" likes to look wise, but his wisdom takes a sudden drop at Piquet. Personal property doesn't burn good; maybe that accounts for his not owning a pipe or having bought any tobacco. His military qualities are well set off when he struts on Dress Parade.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MONTAGUE, K Σ Winston-Salem, N. C.

Monty

Civil Engineering

A creature not too bright or good.

Senior Private Company Q; Corporal Company B, '06-'07; Sergeant Company D, '07-'08; Age, 20 years; Height, 5 ft. 8 in.; Weight, 130 pounds.

Everything goes easy with "Monty," whose happy disposition allows no ill wind to drive from his face the "smile that won't come off." Die results are predicted, should he ever be presented to a member of the fair sex, for although a "hail-fellow-well-met" with his comrades, he is distinctly not a ladies' man.





Charlie

Mechanical Engineering

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Captain and Quartermaster, '08-'09; Color Sergeant, '07-'08; Secretary-Treasurer Senior Class, '08-'09; President Mechanical Society, '09; Class Football Team, '07; Champion Class Football Team, '08; Division Inspector, '08-'09; Age, 25 years; Height, 6 ft.; Weight, 178 pounds.

"Jack of all trades and good at none" is an old expression which finds an exception in "Charlie," for he is efficient at them all. There is nothing he can't do, from sharpening a pocket knife to building a power plant. After serving his time as Quartermaster here, he intends to continue his military career in the Philippines.

4-fer

Electrical Engineering

Men of all sorts take a pride to gibe at me.

Senior Private Company Q; Age, 21 years; Height, 5 ft. 9½ in.; Weight, 160 pounds.

"Much ado about nothing." This phrase is suggested by the fact that nobody in college causes so much unmercantable commotion as "Sam." We wonder how he will exist after leaving the Hill, for he is absolutely miserable without being quarreled with by at least a dozen boys. O, L-i-v-e-r.



JULIUS MONROE PARKER.

North Wilkesboro, N. C.



Julius

Civil Engineering

When the stream runneth smoothest the water is deepest.

Corporal, '03-'07; Sergeant, '07-'08; Second Lieutenant, '08-'09; Editor *Red and White*, '08-'09; Leazar Literary Society; Luminary Club; Vice-President Ringers, '08-'09; Tennis Club; Division Inspector, '08-'09; Honors in Scholarship, '07-'08; Honors in Punctuality, '07-'08; Y. M. C. A.; Age, 20 years; Height, 5 ft. 10 in.; Weight, 140 pounds.

"Julius" is the easy-going, pessimistic, far-seeing, short-sighted, liberal-minded conservatist from the "state of Wilkes." He has the reputation of being timid among the ladies and at the mention of "Mr. Parker" blushes like a school girl. He, like all fearless characters, is very strong in his likes and dislikes, and will do anything in order to oblige a friend.

JOHN GILBERT PASCHAL.

Goldshoro, N. C.

Socrates

Electrical Engineering

Silent in seven languages.

First Lieutenant Company D, '08-'09; Second Sergeant Company C, '07-'08; Corporal Company D, '06-'07; Electrical Society; Age, 22 years; Height 5 ft. 11 in.; Weight, 175 pounds.

Always quiet and steady-going, but is right there when there is any excitement in the air. "Socrates" has evidenced a great fondness for peanuts, strawberries, peaches, grapes and chickens. The Electrical Division would be as a ship without a rudder if "Soc" weren't with them.



PETER PENICK PIERCE

Pelham, N. C.



Pete

Civil Engineering

I am not handsome, but I swear I have a distinguished look.

Senior Private Company Q; Age, 20 years; Height, 5 ft. 10 in.; Weight, 125 pounds.

"Water Boy!" "Pete's" specialty is Hydraulics, having carried water for three months for a surveying party. His chief trouble is being marked absent from class, because the professor fails to get an exact front view. But "Pete" expects to be fat some day.

PAUL MILLER PITTS

Concord, N. C.

Happy, Widow, Possum, Pitts

Mechanical Engineering

When I beheld this I sighed and said within myself, "Surely mortal man is a broomstick."

Senior Private Company Q; Mechanical Society; Luminary Club; Class Baseball Team, '06; Age, 22 years; Height, 6 ft. 1 in.; Weight, 155 pounds.

For nicknames he is the "limit." His chief occupation is studying how to get out of studying. When Paul entered here four years ago, he took a special course for the first three months in "widow-loving." But he afterwards changed and specialized in "possum hunting." He has chosen Mechanical Engineering as his future avocation.



*D. F.*

Mechanical Engineering

Oh, why should not the spirit of mortal be proud?

Captain Company C, '08-'09; First Sergeant Company E, '07-'08; Corporal Company E, '06-'07; Vice-President Aero Club, '08-'09; Mechanical Society, '07-'08, '08-'09; Pullen Literary Society, '05-'06, '06-'07; Age, 22 years; Height, 6 ft. 1 in.; Weight, 185 pounds.

"D. F." is the ornament of the drill ground. Though his nickname may not imply it, the ladies fairly idolize him. His greatest accomplishment is the grace with which he wears a pair of red shoes. His physique being that of a blacksmith, he is bound to be successful in his chosen profession.

RICHARD ROBERT REINHARDT, I Z. Stanley, N. C.

Dick

Agriculture

A slippery and subtle knave.

Senior Private Company Q; Class Football Team, '07-'08; Class Baseball Team, '06-'07; Captain Class Baseball Team, 1908; All-Class Baseball Team, '08; Tennis Club; Y. M. C. A.; Rural Science Club; Biological Club; Division Inspector, '08-'09; Country Gentlemen; Age, 21 years; Height, 5 ft. 8 in.; Weight, 140 pounds.

"Dick" has never been in love with less than three girls at the same time. And without his faithful companion "Hans" to confide in he would be lost. It is a noticeable coincidence that "Dick" never attends breakfast on the morning after Dr. Will has lost one of his fattest pullets.



ALFRED PRATTE RIGGS, A. J.

Wanchese, N. C.



Chink

Civil Engineering

Kindness in women, not their beautiful looks, shall win my love.

Senior Private Company Q; Treasurer Ringers, '08-'09; Editor *Red and White*, '08-'09; Scrub Football Team, '07; Class Football Team, '06; Secretary Pullen Literary Society, '05; Age, 21 years; Height, 6 ft.; Weight, 165 pounds.

"Is Mr. Riggs aboard?" "Chink" is a born sailor, but a heart-smasher as well. He says the whole of G. F. C. is in love with him. It is rumored that his letters from Greensboro come by express. It is a known fact that he is handsome in the extreme and nothing short of death could stop him from dressing up and going out to watch Dress Parade. "Chink" took a vacation during his Sophomore year and, since that time, has been an earnest scholar, and a noted dead beat.

JOSEPH HENRY ROBERTSON

Burlington, N. C.

2-fer

Electrical Engineering

They always talk who never think.

Y. M. C. A.; Alamance County Club; Dark Knights, Slums of Watauga; Electrical Society; Trumpeter Company C, '06-'07; Band, '07-'08; Second Lieutenant Band, '08-'09; Age, 19 years; Height, 5 ft. 9 in.; Weight, 146 pounds.

"Tin-horn Robertson," "Two-fer" toots from early morn 'til deary eve. When not tooting his tin horn, he is tooting at "four-fer." Sam has already engaged him as best man at his wedding.



JAMES OLIVER SADLER

Charlotte, N. C.



Griz

Civil Engineering

*Happy am I; from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all content like me?*

Senior Private Company Q; Y. M. C. A.; Pullen Literary Society; Chaplain P. L. S., '08; President Junior Class, '07-'08; President Mecklenburg Club, '06-'07; Class Football Team, '05; Scrub Football Team, '06; Varsity Football Team, '07-'08; Class Baseball Team, '06; Champion Class Baseball Team, '07; Scrub Baseball Team, '08; German Club; Age, 21 years; Height, 5 ft. 9 in.; Weight, 175 pounds.

The burly Scot with the broad smile. A little bashful around the ladies, but on the gridiron he is a "bull." "Griz" was never known to get mad, and it is said that he was known at one time as a Park Ave. His chief delight is to beat tobacco off of his friend "Bully."

FRANCIS WEBBER SHERWOOD...

.....Raleigh, N. C.

Chemic

Chemistry

I am young, my chin is bare.

Senior Private Company Q; Age, 19 years; Height, 6 ft. 2 in.; Weight, 160 pounds.

This young man is a chemist by instinct, inclination, and habits, and is surely destined to become a man noted for his scientific knowledge. He has never been known to waste time or words except in helping the '09 baby, "Stump" Hampton, over the many difficulties that often confront this lazy young child.



ROBERT ARNOLD SHOPE

Weaverville, N. C.

U and U

Civil Engineering

And when a lady is in the case,

You know all other things give place.

Captain Company B, '08-'09; Business Manager *Red and White*, '08-'09; Assistant Business Manager *Red and White*, '07-'08; Inter-Society Debate, '09; Division Inspector, '08-'09; President Leazar Literary Society, '09; Vice-President L. L. S., '08; Secretary L. L. S., '07; Critic L. L. S., '08; First Sergeant Company D, '07-'08; Corporal, '06-'07; Oratorical Contest, '08; Glee Club, '05-'06, '06-'07; Scrub Football Team, '05; German Club; Tennis Club; Y. M. C. A.; Age, 24 years; Height, 6 ft.; Weight, 160 pounds.

This mountaineer is a born financier. In the four years he has risen from a traveling salesman to the exalted position of a partner in the firm of Underwood & Underwood. He has also made a good thing out of the job as business manager of the "Red and White." Each Sunday afternoon he can be found at St. Mary's, thrilling the feminine hearts by the rich melody of his wonderful voice.

GEORGE GRAY SIMPSON, K-I

Norfolk, Va.

B. U. W.

Textile

Oh, what may man within him hide,

Though angel on the outward side!

Senior Private Company Q; Commencement Marshal, '06; Secretary Aero Club, '08-'09; Corporal Company D, '06-'07; Sergeant Company B, '07-'08; Delegate Nashville Student Volunteer Conference, '06; Editor *Red and White*, '08-'09; President Tompkins Textile Society, '08; Class Poet, '06-'07; Editor *Acadueck*, '08-'09; Age, 21 years; Height, 5 ft. 11 in.; Weight, 150 pounds.

This young rock-ribbed, hard-headed, abstemious, sarcastic, conceited young fellow, drove up to the A. & M. College in the fall of '05 and joined the Textile division, with visions in his young head of controlling the cotton mill industry of the world; and also, as a side-issue, to convince the world that the said G. G. Simpson has never had an equal in good looks, wit, and sarcasm.



WILLIAM NEVILLE SLOAN.

Franklin, N. C.

Nubbin

Civil Engineering

*A book of Math, my close companion be,
No other book I ever ought to see.*

Editor-in-Chief *Red and White*, '08-'09; Vice-President Senior Class, '08-'09; Editor AGROMECK, '08-'09; Second Lieutenant Company A, '08-'09; Sergeant Company D, '07-'08; President Leazar Literary Society, '09; Secretary L. L. S., '07; Secretary Inter-Society Debate, '08; Marshal Inter-Society Debate, '07; Manager Class Baseball Team, '08; Tennis Club, '08-'09; Honors in Scholarship, '07-'08; Y. M. C. A.; President Ringers, '08-'09; Age, 20 years; Height, 5 ft. 8 in.; Weight, 130 pounds.

"Nubbin" is the most appropriate nickname that could be found for the young genius. Though in size like a nubbin, he is a wonder when it comes to Math. We wonder how his friends "Chink," "Pete," "Julius," and "Dock" would get along without him when it comes to Calculus and Hydraulics. Sloan never lacks bootblacks, water boys, or janitors when Calculus or Hydraulics is the reward.

HUGH STUART STEELE. Yadkin Valley, N. C.

Gap Creek

Civil Engineering

I have more good horse sense than I am given credit for.

Editor AGROMECK; Class Historian, '08-'09; Second Lieutenant Company A, '08-'09; Sergeant Company B, '07-'08; Corporal Company C, '06-'07; Class Baseball Team, '05-'06, '06-'07; Class Football Team, '06-'07; C. E. Society; Age, 23 years; Height, 5 ft. 9 in.; Weight, 145 pounds.

The handsome boy from the mountains; sometimes called "Gap Creek." Before trying college life he spent many of his early days following the furrow. Says he is fond of farming, but thinks he will try the life in the Philippines.





Stevie

Civil Engineering

True as the dial of the sun, although it be not shined upon.

Class President, '06-'07; Marshal Senior Debate, '06-'07; Varsity Football Team, '06-'07, '07-'08; Captain Football Team, '08; Class Historian, '07-'08; Commencement Marshal, '07-'08; Class Baseball Team, '08; Pullen Literary Society; Declamatory Contest, '06-'07, '07-'08; German Club; Saints; Sergeant Company C, '07-'08; Senior Private Company Q; Class Poet, '08-'09; Editor AGROMECK; President Athletic Association, '09; Age, 20 years; Height, 5 ft. 10 in.; Weight, 150 pounds.

"Stevie" is the handsome blond who plays good football and makes eyes at the ladies. He never was known to lose his nerve but once, and that was when he forgot his speech with his girl looking at him. But through thick and thin that weekly trip to B. U. W. must be made. His unflinching constancy in this line is a fair example of every phase of "Stevie's" life.

HENRY NEWBOLD SUMNER, N V Hertford, N. C.

Doc

Civil Engineering

Thou hast been diligent in all things.

Major Battalion, '08-'09; Sergeant-Major, '07-'08; Corporal Company E, '06-'07; Editor-in-Chief AGROMECK, '08-'09; Assistant Editor-in-Chief AGROMECK, '07-'08; Editor-in-Chief *Red and White*, '08-'09; (Resigned); Editor *Red and White*, '07-'08; Pullen Literary Society; Secretary P. L. S., '07; President Tennis Club, '08-'09; Secretary Tennis Club, '07-'08; Business Manager Tennis Club, '06-'07; Civil Engineering Society; Marshal Triangular Debate, '07; Secretary-Treasurer Sophomore Class, '06-'07; Class Football Team, '05-'06; Class Baseball Team, '06-'07, '07-'08; Manager Champion Class Baseball Team, '07; Honors in Scholarship, '07-'08; Secretary Ringers, '08-'09; Y. M. C. A.; Declamatory Contest, '07-'08; Age, 24 years; Height, 5 ft. 7½ in.; Weight, 140 pounds.

"Doc" is in a class by himself. Although small of stature he has the voice of a real military commander. All who have heard him give the command at mess, "Battalion, Attention," will agree that "Doc" has left no stone unturned in the attempt to train his vocal organs to rival those of our beloved Commandant.





Pot

Electrical Engineering

*When I was stamped, some coiner with his tools
Made me counterfeit.*

Senior Private Company Q; Age, 23 years; Height, 5 ft. 7 in.; Weight, 130 pounds.

*Lieutenant Young lost a fine officer when he con-
signed the "Sergeant" to the ranks of the senior
privates. Perhaps the reason he did not receive a
commission is the fact that his angelic face makes
him appear too good to mix with the common herd.
It has been rumored, however, that his character and
appearance are slightly at variance.*

Bo-Hee

Mechanical Engineering

*How pleased is every paltry elf,
To prate about that thing, himself!*

Y. M. C. A., '03-'04; Corporal Company F, '04-'05;
Class Baseball Team, '05, '08; Champion Class Foot-
ball Team, '07; Mechanical Society; Secretary
Mechanical Society, '07-'08, '08-'09; Senior Private
Company Q; Age, 23 years; Height, 5 ft. 10½ in.;
Weight, 158 pounds.

*"Bo-hee," O thou wonderful "Bo-hee," for truly
no other man was ever so fond of self! The chief
delight of this knock-kneed young baseball artist
is exhibiting the proof of his experience while in
charge of a plating mill. He has taken a wonderful
fancy recently to automobiling, though this is wholly
an imaginary quantity to "Bo-hee."*



FRANK MARTIN THOMPSON, *K. I.*

Raleigh, N. C.

Gals

Textile

I'm sure care's an enemy to life.

Senior Private Company Q; German Club; Saints; Vice-President German Club, '08; Textile Society; Social Committee Textile Society; First Tenor in Textile Quartette; Saturday Evening Club; Varsity Football Team, '05, '06, '07, '08; Captain Varsity Football Team, '07; Varsity Baseball Team, '06, '07, '08; Captain Varsity Baseball Team, '07-'08; Coach Baseball Team, '09; Coach Class Baseball Team, '06-'07, '07-'08; Coach Class Football Team, '05-'06, '06-'07; Age, 22 years; Height, 5 ft. 11¼ in.; Weight, 180 pounds.

Has won the distinction of being the best all-round athlete of the '09 class, by hard, consistent work and gritty determination. Rather bashful and consequently apparently indifferent to the wiles of women, but very much admired by the femininity, and we are sure that he would make just as much of a heart-smasher as he is a fine-smasher if he but tried. He has lost much sleep of late by having to stay awake at night to give "Baby Stump" his nourishment at the proper hours.

JAMES EDWIN TOOMER.

Wilmington, N. C.

T. W.

Chemistry

*The man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives.*

Second Lieutenant Company C, '08-'09; Y. M. C. A.; Glee Club Orchestra, '05-'06; Band, '06-'07; Second Sergeant Band, '07-'08; College Orchestra, '07-'08; Age, 24 years; Height, 5 ft. 10 in.; Weight, 150 pounds.

Toomer's one fault is that of a spendthrift. If he can find an convenient way in which to spend his money, he gives it away. He is an accomplished heart-breaker, and devotes most of his time to this pursuit. His musical talent is exceeded only by his very good looks.



JOSEPH SLAUGHTER WHITEHURST

Elizabeth City, N. C.



Sudie

Civil Engineering

Who does not know, and does not know that he does not know.

Senior Private Company Q; Sergeant, '07-'08; Class Football Team, '06; Champion Class Football Team, '07; Class Baseball Team, '06-'07; Substitute Varsity Football Team, '08; Pullen Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Marshal Declamatory Contest, '08; German Club; Age, 20 years; Height, 5 ft. 8½ in.; Weight, 150 pounds.

"Sudie" is the boy with varied experiences to relate. He is always making good resolves but as often breaking them. But there is one thing we can say for him: he is a consistent and most earnest Y. M. C. A. Worker. Whatever you do, do not ask "Sudie" where he is from—for if you ever get him started on Elizabeth City, the New York of the South, he will even go so far as to forget his Christian duties.

JOHN SPICER WILSON

Winston-Salem, N. C.

Liz

Electrical Engineering

The truly great are always modest.

Senior Private Company Q; German Club; President Faraday Electrical Society, '08; Bone Yard Club; Age, 20 years; Height, 5 ft. 7 in.; Weight, 133 pounds.

The chief delight of this young man is smoking "four-fer's" cigars. Though quiet and reserved, Spicer can really enjoy a joke, if "four-fer" is concerned. His one diversion in this life is rolling bones, and constantly laments the fact that he cannot stack them.



*Bullie*

Civil Engineering

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.

Senior Private Company Q; Class Football Team, '06-'07; Class Baseball Team, '07-'08; Scrub Football Team, '07-'08, '08-'09; Corporal, '06-'07; Tennis Club; Y. M. C. A.; Age, 20 years; Height, 6 ft. 2 in.; Weight, 170 pounds.

This long, lanky mountaineer is of charming personality, but very strong in his likes and dislikes. Ever since his arrival at A. and M., he has considered "Legs" Davidson his worst enemy and "Sadie" Whitehurst his best friend. His chief pastime at first was taking long, rambling strolls at night. "The way of the transgressor is hard," and Dr. Winston deemed it necessary that this young man be given a short furlough, in order that neighbors' chickens might be more secure. He returned, refreshed, from his holiday, but with a reduced appetite for chicken.

ROBERT JOE WYATT

Raleigh, N. C.

Bull

Mechanical Engineering.

*Bob was famous for his good looks,
Took better with girls than with his books.*

Mechanical Society; Drum Major Band, '08-'09; Sergeant, '06-'07, '07-'08; Age, 20 years; Height, 6 ft. 1 in.; Weight, 168 pounds.

The kind-hearted, easy-going, sympathetic, friendly "Bob," just to look at him any one would see that he has an affectionate disposition. But, of all unlucky suitors, "Bob" is "it." He captures the ladies' hearts right along, but somehow really seems to lack the art of holding them. But "Bob" is game and some day we hope to hear from him beyond the broad seats with some fair dancier.





In Memoriam

TOM LYNCH WEAVER

THERMAL CITY, N. C.

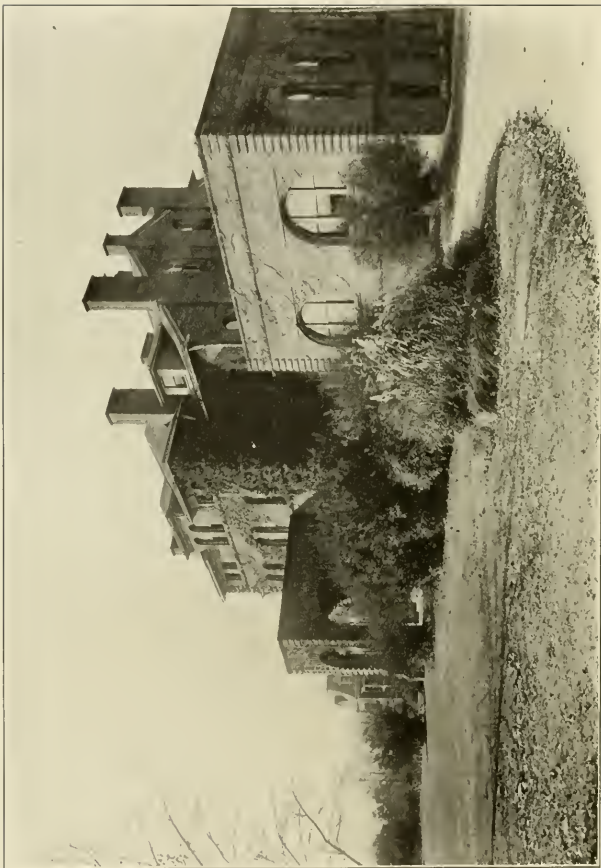
DIED NOVEMBER 10, 1905

In Memoriam

JOHN ALEXANDER PORTER, JR.

BILTMORE, N. C.

DIED SEPTEMBER 13, 1907



MAIN BUILDING

Class Prophecy, 1909

MR. AND MRS. _____ request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Mary to Mr. Samuel Oliver, Mount Olive, N. C., November 12th, 1924."

I whistled softly and read it over again. No mistake; there it was in black and white. I closed my eyes and went back fifteen years. Old Fourfer. How well do I remember when the Y. M. C. A. gave a reception to the B. U. W. and we were all there. I had just met a little soft-handed, warm-hearted girl, and seeing Sam standing nearby, looking rather lonesome and half scared to death, I called him over and introduced him.

To her "I'm glad to meet you, sir," Sam replied, "Gee, you're welcome," and immediately did the disappearing act. In those old days Sam was as 'fraid of a woman as he was of "Legs" Davidson.

In an accompanying note, Sam stated that he was giving a farewell banquet to his bachelordom the night preceeding the 12th, and that only the Class of '09 would be invited. A post-script stated that Robertson would be the best man and that Tate, Steele, Spicer, Wilson, Barrett, Ivey and Higgins would be ushers. Of course, I would go. No power on earth could keep me away. Two weeks later I left New York with old "Shorty" Long by Old Dominion for Norfolk. "Shorty" had succeeded well and had made much money in the manufacture of candles. Imagine our surprise and pleasure in finding on our boat Witherspoon and Whitehurst, both headed for Mount Olive. "Chicken" told me that he and "Sudie" had found Civil Engineering unprofitable and had gone into the poultry business. "Sudie," however, had had an accident some months before. He was standing too near an incubator, and his legs had gotten warped.

That night we were lolling around the ship, watching the dancers in the ballroom, when "Shorty" called our attention to the musicians. Who should be leading them but old Tom Haywood! Tom told us that he had found Civil Engineering too hard and had gone back to his music. He pointed with pride to the boy playing the cymbals, and explained that that was young Tom. Next morning we landed in Norfolk and soon got connected with old Stevens. He had grown prosperous and was president of a bank and had a nice home with a boss in it on the Bronx. Sure he was going down. In fact he had just gotten word from old "Doc" Sumner, now Maj. Sumner, U. S. A., and

Captain Harrelson from Fortress Monroe. We all took dinner together at the hotel and talked over old times. Stevens had kept up with a good many of the old crowd. He told us about old Gray; how he had followed his course for a year or so, and how finally the love for the sea had taken him back to oystering. Gray, he said, was still a great admirer of Charley. Pratte was County Surveyor of Dare County and was still looking for someone to help him carry the chain through life.

Old Doc knew about Shope, who was editing the Weaverville *Disappointment*. Shope had made money and had collected. No doubt he kept the habit after having had the *Red and White* a year.

Terrell, he said, had failed to get his commission after leaving the A. & M. College and had entered the army as a private. His manly form and knowledge of tactics, however, soon won for him recognition and at the present time he had risen to the rank of Sergeant.

We left Norfolk on an early train, and, as we passed through Plymouth, who should we see but "Stump" Hampton! His face was as rosy as of old and two years of hard work in Dr. Toomer's fertilizer works seemed to have greatly broadened him. Harvey Hill was holding down a job in the same establishment, but, owing to his extravagance in going down to Peace so often, he had failed to accumulate anything.

Stump had news of "Shorty" Craven, who had done big things in the Philippine scouts. Sheer exertion in fifteen years raised him from a second to a first lieutenant.

From Plymouth we telegraphed Latham and "Swamp" Mallison at Washington, N. C., to meet us at the train, and they were there when we arrived in that town. "Swamp" was at the train. Years had failed to change his muddy complexion, but he had added on a few inches in height. "Swamp" said that Latham was too busy shaving customers to come down to the train, so he had sent word for us to call around and see him. The particular customer that he was shaving, when we entered his tonsorial department, was Freddy Jones. Way back in 1909, Freddy had seen on his trip to Washington the Senatorial beard, and ever since had had his trimmed in that way. He was having it clipped before going down to Fourfer's.

After waiting for some time in Washington, our train pulled out, carrying us on towards Raleigh. Suddenly there was a crash and a jar and we were thrown from our seats. The train had jumped the track right in the middle of Edenton. The whole town, twenty strong, headed by Mayor "Tight" Mason, turned out and offered assistance. However, "Tight" gave the lie to his nick-

name, for he invited us all up and gave us a good dinner. He was boarding with Mr. and Mrs. Foard, the former his partner in the mercantile business.

We arrived in Raleigh the next evening and the fun began. Judge Clark, Professor Green, Dr. Sherwood, Frank Thompson and Rob Wyatt met us at the train, and having an hour or so before supper we went out to A. & M. Things looked the same, though it took me sometime to understand that Lord Ezra Green had the chair of Bacteriology, Sloan that of Mathematics, and Sherwood was familiarly know as Pharnie. Another thing too that surprised me was to find old Parker holding down the office across from the President.

We hadn't been on the hill but a few minutes before we were invited to take supper in the Mess Hall by Old Sid Goss, now president. The same old smell was there. Taking our seats amid much hand-clapping, we were called to attention by Commandant Price. In his sweetly modulated voice, known to us all of old, he welcomed us in the name of the College, and earnestly asked that we be present at the chapel exercises next morning. Dr. Simpson of B. U. G. was to have charge.

That night we had a typical '09 time. The first thing we did was to go down to Lord Montague's billiard parlor on Fayetteville Street. It was right strange that Tick Brothers failed to recognize any of us and tried to take us in for suckers. The big diamond in Monty's shirt front showed that his rabbit foot was still with him.

While we were rolling a game, I heard coming from the rear end of the apartment such familiar sounds as "Dear twelve," "Sweetheart bones," "My baby hungry," etc., and on the side I asked Monty what it was. For answer he pulled the green curtains dividing the two rooms. There was Lewis on his knees with old "Sleepy" and "Legs" and "Griz" around him. They were so interested that they didn't see us, and by the expressions on their faces I knew "Sleepy" had the money.

Later on that night we went up to the F. B. Dancing School. "Shorty" Millner was running the thing, and offered me the first dance with his oldest. She was a little queen, too, and had her daddy's familiar strut. Shorty told me bad news of Dougherty: said his ruddy expression and extreme good looks had won for him three wives, but that owing to his inability to play in his own back yard they had each gotten a divorce.

At Mount Olive we found a good many of the old crowd already collected. Bill Banek and Duke were among the first to greet us and we went with them around to their office. The shingle in front read "Banek & Duke, Architects."

That night found us at the banquet. Sam sat at the head of the table,

extremely happy, and his beaming countenance was the picture of hospitality. On his right was "Dick" Johnson, much changed. "Dick" Reinhardt whispered to me on the other side that Johnson had married for money, and that he was having no easy time of it.

On "Dick's" right sat Hornaday. "Hans" was the ideal farmer. His store-bought clothes looked brand-new, and he still talked of Elon College as of old. "Hans" had won quite an enviable reputation as a raiser of pumpkins.

Sam, with his usual amount of forethought, had a side table for Marshall and Massey, for he knew that those two big pairs of feet couldn't both get under the other table.

Next to Dick sat "Goat" Faison. "Goat" had left Cornell and was making much success in his chosen profession, love making. Next came old Eaton. "Bones" looked the same as ever, though he had fattened perceptibly. He openly bragged that he almost weighed a 100. He and Peter sat side by side and fussed during the whole meal as to who weighed the most.

And so on around the table sat the boys. We had every thing to eat that we could wish for, and most of us kept the waiters busy filling up our glasses. Sam told us that there was plenty more to eat behind the scenes and we need not be bashful. We needed no urging in this matter, however, for four years' fasting in the mess hall had left empty spaces that were not yet filled.

When the supper was about half over, the servant brought in a bunch of telegrams. One was for Deans and read as follows: "Congratulate me, Twins. Will write tomorrow.—Mrs. Deans."

The others were for Sam and he read them to us. The first from Fox saying, "Congratulations. Sorry I can't be with you. Choral Society meets tonight." The second from Paul Pitts ran as follows: "Had intended being there but lost my best 'possum dog and must find him"; the next from Arey saying, "Congratulations. Am sorry I can't be with you. No one here but me to get out Carolina *Farmer*."

A cablegram from Manila, from Morris Faison, read as follows: "Congratulations. Would like to be there, but a revolt has just broken out among the Filipinos and we are needed at the front."

Suddenly it was discovered that old Paschall was missing. No telegram, no letter. Some one remembered, however, that when he was last heard from he was seen taking a boat for South Africa. So many were the toasts drunk that night that I was really afraid that some of the younger members like "Sleepy" and Cowles and Monty would be sick. It was late when we all drank our farewell to Sam and Mrs. Sam, adjourning to meet to-morrow to pay our last respects to Sam, the bachelor.



Junior

Junior Class, '10

MOTTO: Deeds, not words

Colors: Orange and Black

FLOWER: Hyacinth

YELL: Wha-who-wha, Wha-who-wha,

J-U-N-I—Ju-ni-a,

Who-a-ray, Who-a-roar.

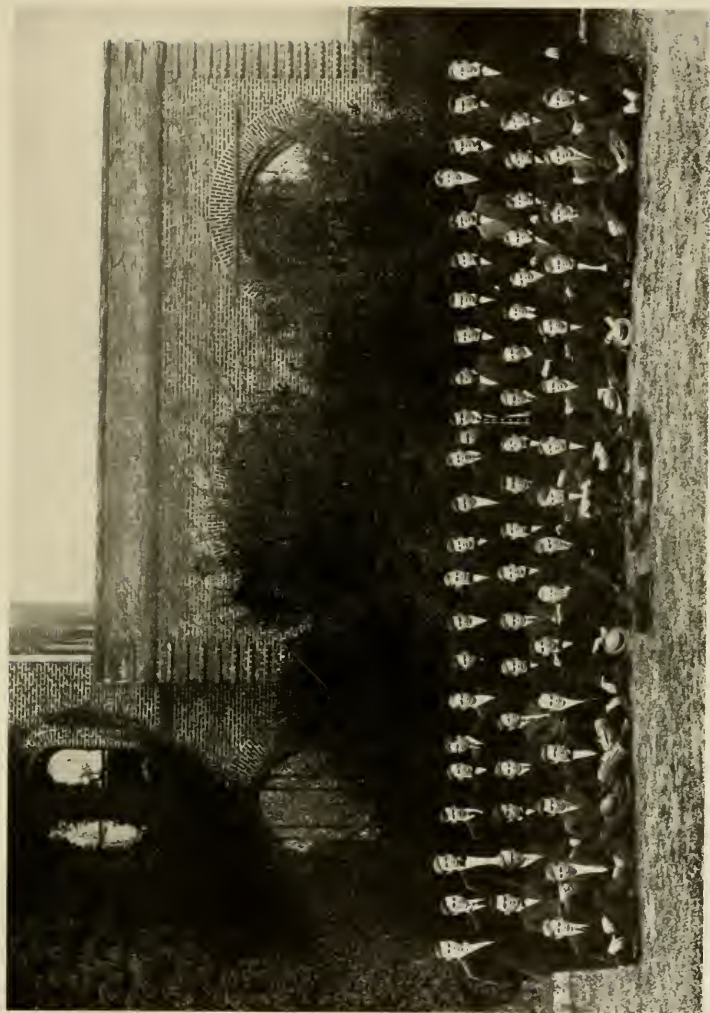
Siss-boom, Junior!

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E. H. SMITH	VICE PRESIDENT
L. L. HOOD	SECRETARY
H. W. WELLES	TREASURER
C. B. STAINBACK	HISTORIAN

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HIGHNS, L. A.	Leicester	THOMPSON, T. H.	Thomasville
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JORDAN, C. R.	Gulf	WILSON, J. S.	Charlotte
KIRBY, L. H.	Lenoir	WINSLOW, E. L.	Hertford
LASITTER, M. C.	Snow Hill		
LEE, E.	Dunn		



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class History

ALTHOUGH this is the history of the Junior Class, I will touch only on the facts previous to the middle of last year, as this was well written by our previous historian. And though I own the task is beyond me, I will try to relate the achievements of our class up until the time for this to go to press. This covers only the space of one year, but much was accomplished in this one year.

We entered in the fall of the year 1906, a good-looking bunch and over one hundred strong. We passed through our Freshman year and came back in the fall of '07 as Sophomores.

It was in the spring of the year 1908 that we won our first cup in athletics and the class championship. This was accomplished by our baseball team, which in two warmly contested games defeated first the Juniors by the score of ten to five and then the Freshmen by a similar score. We were well represented on the Varsity baseball team by such men as Sexton, Black, Council and "Stiffy" Cline. At the close of the spring term we had our examinations to meet, but our motto is "Deeds, not words," and this was well demonstrated by very few falling below the coveted sixty.

The most of the fellows returned in the fall of 1908, no longer as Sophomores but as Juniors. It was now that we began to realize what college meant to us and what we were here for. We realized that half of our college days were over, and the thought bound us closer to dear old A. & M.

Among those who were not so fortunate as to return was our president elect, Charlie Armfield, whose loss was sincerely regretted by all. Stafford Wilson was then chosen president, and performed his duties ably.

Class football next engaged our attention, and as this was our last chance to win a cup in football, we were determined to win this one or die trying. The faculty made a new rule, which was that any one could play in the class games besides a Varsity man or a sub. This strengthened our team and we were more successful than in the previous two years. We won the class championship and the cup, but only after playing three hard-fought games, two of these with the Sophomores and one with the Freshmen.

After the close of the season, the team was given a banquet at Giersch's by the class.

In football we were represented on the Varsity by Bray, Dunn, Sexton, Spencer and Wilson, who contributed not a little to the success of the team.

Again, at Christmas, we had to deal with the problem of examinations, but came through all right. But our President did not return and F. M. Black was elected president.

This brings us now to the spring of '09. Nothing now is thought of but baseball, and we hope to again win the cup.

Now, my task is done, though perhaps not ably done, but may peace, prosperity and happiness always rest on the Class of 1910.

J-u-n-i-o-r is the way you spell Junior. We're proud of all the numerals which represent us.

It is a name with which fame will always be connected.

Junior—that's us.





FRONTIER



Sophomore Class, '11

MOTTO: Esse quam videri

COLORS: Orange and White

FLOWER: Sunflower

YELL: Whacker-rack-er, rack-er-rac;

Whacker-rack-er, rack-er-rac;

Carolina Polytech,

Boom ra; Boom re; Boom ra; Boom re;

S—O—P—H—M—O—R—E.

OFFICERS

O. M. SIGMON.....	PRESIDENT
J. W. ROLLINSON.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
E. R. McCRACKEN.....	SECRETARY-TREASURER
J. P. QUINERLY.....	HISTORIAN
J. M. BEAL.....	POET

MEMBERS

ABENATHY, C. V.....	Shelby	HUNTER, R. C.....	East Laporte
ABERNATHY, H. D.....	Hickory	JOHNSTON, E.....	Mooreville
ARDREY, J. E.....	Pineville	KILPATRICK, G. S.....	Kinston
BAILEY, WM.....	Raleigh	LEWIS, R. H.....	Kinston
BAKER, A. L.....	Raleigh	LINTON, T. S.....	Raleigh
BARBEE, R. J.....	Raleigh	McCRACKEN, E. R.....	Graham
BARBER, T. C.....	Pinnacle	McDONALD, S.....	Wilmington
BEAL, J. M.....	Rocky Mount	MACKAY, J. J., JR.....	Raleigh
BELL, C. E.....	Kinston	McKIMMON, C.....	Raleigh
BEST, H. Q.....	Grifton	McMAXAWAY, C. R.....	Charlotte
BOOTHIE, J. B.....	Oxford	MARTIN, J. L.....	Graham
BOYLAN, R. T.....	Raleigh	MORRISON, R. L.....	Concord
BRADFELD, J. M.....	Charlotte	MOVE, J. W.....	Farmville
BROWN, J. H.....	Charlotte	PEDEN, F. T., JR.....	Wilkesboro
BRYAN, G. K.....	Tampa, Florida	PHIFER, S. B.....	Cleveland
BRYAN, K.....	Catherine Lake	PITTENGER, P. N.....	Raleigh
BUCHAN, H. C.....	Manly	QUINERLY, J. P.....	Grifton
BYRUM, V. P.....	Charlotte	ROLLINSON, J. W.....	Elizabeth City
CLAY, H. C.....	Hickory	ROSS, G. R.....	Asheboro
CLEMENT, R.....	Norfolk, Virginia	ROSS, G. W.....	Charlotte
DEANS, E. G.....	Wilson	SCOTT, J. L.....	Graham
DEWAR, E. S.....	Raleigh	SHERMAN, J. M.....	Ash Grove, Virginia
DUKES, C. A.....	Branchville, South Carolina	SIGMON, O. M.....	Hickory
EASON, J. L.....	Speight's Bridge	SMITH, E. L.....	Laurinburg
EVANS, E. M.....	Raleigh	SPEAS, C. A.....	Cana
FAIRLY, R. S.....	Laurinburg	SPENCER, S. A.....	Asheboro
FENNELL, J. G.....	Wilmington	STEERE, L. E., JR.....	Charlotte
FREEMAN, M. R.....	Kenly	THOMPSON, G. L.....	Goldsboro
GILLETTE, G. W.....	Marines	THORNE, T. W.....	Littleton
GRAEBER, R. W.....	Concord	THURSTON, W. P.....	Burlington
HALL, C. G.....	Wilmington	TUCKER, F. G.....	Henderson
HALL, W. J.....	Clemons	WADSWORTH, E.....	Charlotte
HARDESTY, G. C.....	Morehead City	WATSON, J. H.....	Raleigh
HEVLETT, R. P.....	Wilson	WINFREE, W. B.....	Wadesboro
HINKLE, D. R.....	Lexington	WYATT, M. F.....	Raleigh



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore History

EARLY in September, 1907, the Freshman Class numbered one hundred and twelve. With the exception of four, it was a class of "Tar Heels," for they were from homes between Murphy and Manteo. Some had been from home before, but not a few of them were yet to experience that indescribable feeling called homesickness, which time alone can cure. After considerable difficulty and a general display of "greenness" (for it is said that the cows smiled when they saw some of those fellows) all finally matriculated, and were assigned to their quarters in the "Bloody Fourth," or Main Building. There they met each other and, while unpacking their trunks, talked about home or hazers and the things or people that they had seen since arriving.

It is indeed difficult to imagine what those poor fellows would have done, had it not been for their unfailing friends—the "Sophs," who felt it their duty to properly initiate all new men into the mysteries of college life. Not one of them doubted, before the year was out, that he was eligible to full college membership.

In the midst of all the turmoil and excitement, President Winston addressed the class on the behavior of Freshmen in college. An early organization was effected with R. T. Wade as temporary president. Later, W. M. Lambeth was elected president until the end of the year, when O. M. Signon was chosen to lead the class through its Sophomore year.

The Sophomore class twice challenged this class (while Freshmen) to meet it on the athletic field. The first call was little heeded, but the entire class went, in a body, at the second challenge. A very animated fight ensued, which was probably evenly contested, though both classes claimed the victory. The incident was unprecedented in this College, and was the subject of much criticism and many exaggerated press reports, which no doubt were injurious to the prosperity of the College.

Though not yet victorious in class-athletic contests, the teams of this class have been exceedingly strong, especially the football teams. After two ties the third game of the 1907 football series was lost to the Juniors by the score of 0 to 12. In 1908 the baseball championship was won by the Sophomores—score 7 to 4. Two football games were played with the Juniors in 1908, in

the last of which they won to the tune of 5 to 0, after a very hard-fought contest. Several of this class are very promising Varsity players. Foremost among them is "Dutchy" Seifert, who has won distinction on the football field. G. W. Ross was elected assistant manager of the College football team for the season of 1909.

The present class numeral system was first installed by this class. Now, only men who play on one or more class teams are permitted to wear the class numerals. This is a great improvement and will be an incentive towards a higher standard of class athletics.

With the loss of E. R. Hine, by death, in the Freshman year, and several others, for various causes, the Sophomore registration was only seventy-six. It was generally conceded that, being Sophomores, the class membership would be reduced still more, but this was not the case. With "Si" Signon as president, there was no one expelled, nor was there any hazing in the first half of the Sophomore year. The later fact is unparalleled in the history of this or probably any other college in the State. Many give the student body credit for this state of affairs; but this class deserves the honor, for it is well known that it is the Sophomores who do the hazing in an institution. Having been the means of eradicating the barbarous practice of hazing in the College, is sufficient to give the Class of 1911 a place of preëminence; and is self-evident proof that it is a class of studious, manly young men.

HISTORIAN.



Sophomore Class Poem

One more year has passed away,
One more year we've worked our way,
Through difficulties and through strife,
Fitting ourselves for future life.

Of usage old, we broke the rule,
To have no more hazing here in school,
Poor Freshmen now can have some peace,
And thank *us* for their release.

Two more years to work and win,
Then our greater work begin—
To reach the highest work in life,
Or fall in the thick of strife.

Here's to the Class of Nineteen and Eleven,
May they reach their coveted haven!
May they win their laurels, all,
And place them in Fame's great Hall!

CLASS POET.





1912

Freshman Class

COLORS: Green and White

MOTTO: Aim high, but reach higher

FLOWER: Carnation

OFFICERS

A. WAKEFIELD.	PRESIDENT
H. HARTSELL.	VICE-PRESIDENT
J. C. RIDDICK.	SECRETARY-TREASURER
A. W. TAYLOR.	HISTORIAN
F. B. SHERWOOD.	POET



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class

ALEXANDER, N. O.	Matthews	MEWBORN, R. E.	Kinston
BEAMAN, J. E.	Clinton	MITCHNER, S. T.	Garner
BETTS, J. P.	Raleigh	MOODY, A. W.	East Laporte
BINGHAM, W. H.	Concord	MOORE, G. F.	Scotland Neck
BLAIR, W. E.	Buffalo, New York	MOORE, J. L.	Statesville
BOND, H. H.	Fayetteville	MULLEN, J. R.	Charlotte
BOSTIAN, E.	Salisbury	MURRAY, W. R.	Charlotte
BOST, C. C.	Hickory	MURRAY, H. P.	Charlotte
BROWN, C. E.	Chocowinity	NEWCOMB, C. M.	Raleigh
BROWN, F. W.	Greenville	OETTINGER, L. L.	Kinston
BRUNER, S. C.	Raleigh	OWENS, C. W.	Saratoga
BRUTON, E. P.	Kinston	PARKER, M. L.	Raleigh
CALDWELL, W. M.	Mount Ula	PICKEL, H. H.	Raleigh
CALDWELL, P.	Huntersville	POTTER, B. M.	Southport
COBB, C. R.	Greenville	REINHARDT, W. H.	Stanley
COLLINS, D. W.	Bryson	RIGGAN, L. N.	Raleigh
CRESWELL, T. T.	Charlotte	RIDDICK, J. C.	Scotland Neck
DEAL, R. C.	Spencer	RIDDICK, I. G.	Youngsville
DERBY, E. C.	Rocky Mount	SANDERS, S. E.	Raleigh
DUGLITON, J. H.	Guilford College	SCHWARTZ, W. B.	Raleigh
DUNFORD, J. J.	Macesfield	SEIFERT, D. W.	Wilmington
FEREBEE, P. B.	Elizabeth City	SESSOMS, M. M.	Windsor
GRAHAM, W. H.	Rowland	SHERWOOD, F. B.	Raleigh
GUNN, J. K.	Tampa, Florida	SHULL, W. T.	Beaufort
HARDISON, R. M.	Morven	SMITH, F.	Wilson
HARTSELL, H.	Asheville	SMITH, J. M.	Rutherfordton
HIXES, J. M.	Kinston	SMITH, O. W.	Kipling
HOLDING, W. A.	Raleigh	SPEER, E. P.	Booneville
HOLMAN, S. W.	Raleigh	SPIERS, D. B.	Carno
HOWARD, S. B.	Morganton	STAFFORD, T. H.	West Raleigh
HOWELL, R. W.	Belhaven	STEDMAN, C. A.	Greensboro
IVEY, J. R.	New London	STEVENS, N. B.	Goldshoro
JENKINS, W. L.	Aulander	STEWART, G. B.	Charlotte
KELLOG, J. G.	Gatesville	STURGILL, D. B.	Piney Creek
KIKER, J. R.	Polkston	SUGG, M. F.	Kinston
KIRBY, S. J.	Selma	SUGG, W. P.	Princeton
KOONCE, M. B.	Kinston	TAYLOR, A. W.	Raleigh
KNOX, J. S.	Raleigh	TAYLOR, C. M.	Tarboro
LAMBETH, C. J.	Thomasville	THOMPSON, J. S.	Windsor
LAWRENCE, W. E.	Raleigh	TILLEY, G. C.	Roguemont
LEE, C. W.	Monroe	TROTTER, G. R.	Charlotte
LEE, L. T.	Raleigh	TURNER, D. W.	Statesville
LORE, E. P.	Concord	VALAER, C. J.	Winston-Salem
McQUEEN, N.	Fayetteville	WAKEFIELD, A.	Charlotte
McGEE, J. E.	Mount Olive	WALTON, H. M.	Morganton
MACKIE, T. H.	Yadkinsville	WATSON, E. L.	Cheraw, South Carolina
McKIMMON, A.	Raleigh	WHITTED, H. P.	Danville, Virginia
MATTHEWS, J. G.	Blacksville	WILDER, M. A.	Method
MERCER, H. B.	Wilmington	WILLIAMS, W. W.	Raleigh
WILLSON, W. T.	Gold Hill		

Freshman Class History

THE Class of 1912 sprang into existence on September 3, 1908, when we straggled into the College to begin our career within its walls. We felt very green, indeed; and looked and acted greener, no doubt, if such a thing were possible. As soon as we arrived, we entered into the whirl of happenings that left us dazed and bewildered. We were rushed from the application room to the Registrar, then to the Bursar, back to the Registrar, often to the President; making ludicrous mistakes, partly because of our own greenness, partly because of the praiseworthy efforts of the Sophomores; and ending up with empty pockets and a little square card, which gave us the right of way into all the classrooms. We next went to the Commandant's office, and were measured for our uniforms, for which we secretly had a great admiration; but we would not have revealed it for worlds.

For the next few days we did not poke our noses out of our doors, unless we had to, and at nights we slept with doors barricaded by trunks, tables, and chairs. The dread of the awful Sophomores hung over all. Though we could not tell whether the other boys were Sophomores, Juniors, or Seniors, they spotted us easily enough, and we were always sure of being suppressed by that word "Freshman," uttered as only a college boy can utter it. We never felt so awkward in all our lives, however, as we did on our first drill day, and awkward we looked, no doubt. But, honestly, it's awful hard to remember which is your right and which is your left, when a crowd of boys are watching you drill for the first time.

We soon learned, however. No one learns as rapidly as a boy just entering college. We soon distinguished Soph, Junior, and Senior; and found that the boy who upheld his class so vigorously, and looked down with much contempt on those beneath him, was the boy with the most conditions. We learned that college life was not all play, as we had thought. We found out who was the funny boy, who was the smart boy, who was the boy that would not study, who was the nice boy, who was the conceited boy; in fact we classified all the boys in our own division and many in others.

Fair week came and went, leaving behind it memories of good times. Then all looked forward to the Christmas holidays which came all too slow for most

of us. After they had passed, however, we got down to hard work, and so, here we are now, a body of eighty-three strong, all trying hard to be Sophomores next year, and to leave a good record behind us. So far, we are not ashamed of our record. We have given several men to the Varsity football and baseball teams, and many more to the scrubs. Though our football team was not the champion in the class games, it was a strong one, nevertheless, and we expect to put out a still better baseball team. Our standing as regards studies and drill is as good as, if not better than, the standing of the other classes.

We are proud of our college and proud of our class. We like and respect our teachers, both young and old. We admire our faculty, and our President and Commandant, especially. We hope that we have won some respect from all of these, also, Freshmen though we are, and we know that when we graduate every one will say that the Class of 1912 is the best that has ever yet gone forth from the good old A. M. C.

HISTORIAN.

Freshman Class Poem

One day we came, a motley crowd,
A-marching into College;
They called us "Fresh," and fresh we were,
We solemnly acknowledge.

We felt so big and frisky-like,
With pride we were inflated;
But when the Sophomores looked us over,
My stars! our pride abated.

We've danced and pranced for others' joy,
We've sung and minded truly;
We've felt the dews of darksome night,
And held our tongues securely.

But as the year moves on apace,
Our hopes they creep up higher—
And Sophomore, Junior, Senior grave,
Loom ever, ever nigher.

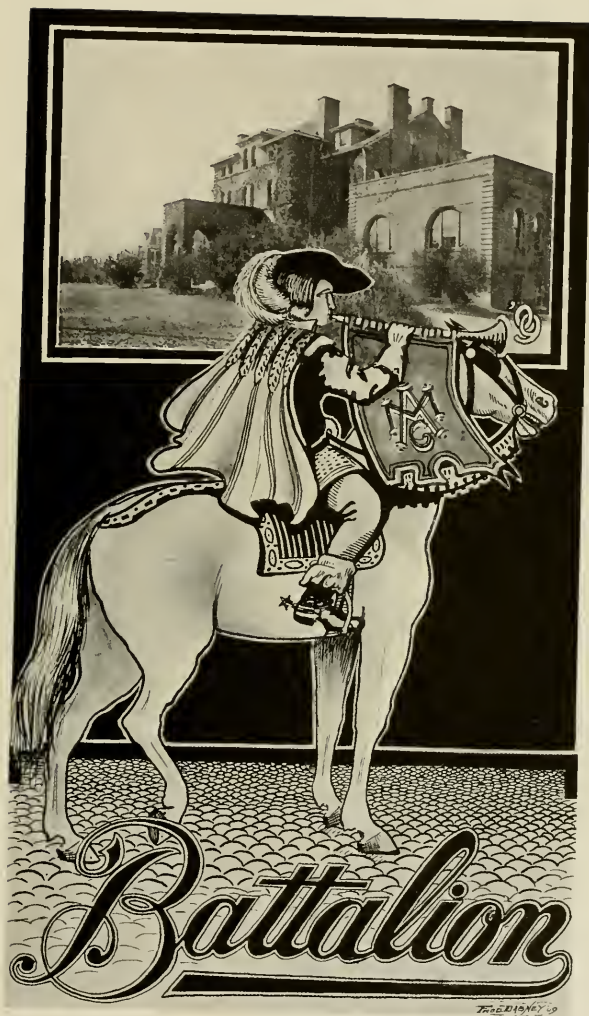
O Freshmen of the 1 and 3!
We with our love address you;
We'll welcome you with all our hearts,
But'll do our best to suppress you.

CLASS POET.

Short Course Class

ALLEN, D. L.	Wake Forest	LEE, J. E.	Monroe
BENCINI, R.	High Point	LIDE, B. A.	Rockingham
BELL, M. H.	Wilmington	LUCAS, T. S.	Plymouth
BOONE, C. K.	Lumberton	LYTCH, J. D.	Laurinburg
BUCHANAN, J. W.	Roper	LYTCH, J. E.	Rowland
CARLISLE, R. R.	Lumberton	McKENZIE, H. C.	Laurinburg
COOPER, T. B.	Windsor	McPHAIL, G.	Clinton
COSBY, J. C.	Asheville	MARTIN, N. R.	Danbury
DAIL, L. L.	Chinquapin	PARKER, B. H.	Lasker
DEITS, A. C.	Mexico City, Mexico	PARKER, J. M.	Lasker
DESPORTES, F. A.		PITT, L. L.	Rocky Mount
.....	Winnboro, South Carolina	POWELL, R. W.	Goldsboro
DIXON, J. S.	Grimesland	PRICE, E. B.	Bath
FAULKNER, A. L.	Smithfield	ROSS, J. B.	Blacksburg, South Carolina
FLOYD, D. B.	Fairmont	SAINE, Z. R.	Lincolnton
FOX, P. A.	Greenville, Tennessee	SHERLOCK, E. L.	Elizabeth City
GATTIS, E. H.	Raleigh	SMALL, R. W.	Washington
GREEN, J. O.	Franklinton	SMALL, J. C.	Chapel Hill
HARDEN, J. M., JR.		SPRUELL, C. W., JR.	Quitman
.....	Winnboro, South Carolina	STEPHENS, R. G.	Atlanta, Georgia
HARTNESS, W. W.	Statesville	SULLIVAN, H. K.	Lincolnton
HEART, L. D.	Raleigh	TICE, H. B.	Wadesboro
HODGES, H. M.	La Grange	WHITE, R. G.	Concord
HOUCK, F. H.	Raleigh	WILLIS, E.	Lawnsdale
HOSKINS, T. J.	Edenton	WILLIAMS, T. B.	Mooreville
JONES, H. F.	Kinston	WYATT, G. E.	Burlington
JONES, J. H.	Timberlake	WYATT, J. W.	Burlington
LAMB, L. H.	Garland	YARBROUGH, M. R.	Monroe





J. H. B. 1894



BATTALION

Military Department

SEPTEMBER 7th, 1908, marks the day of organization of the battalion into four companies and a band. The four-company organization was decided upon, as that is the normal battalion formation for evolutions on the drill ground, four companies being more easily wielded by the major than a five-company battalion as we have had in previous years.

For the past two years, it has been noticed that the battalion loses quite a number of men during the scholastic year, and, by the time the inspector from the War Department arrives, usually in early April, with a five-company battalion, every company is so reduced in numbers that they resemble squads in the place of companies.

Beginning with the opening of the year, drills were vigorously executed to prepare, in so short a time, the battalion for the usual competitive drill and parade at the State Fair. There being a large class of Freshmen to receive primary instruction, necessitated daily drills in the schools of the soldier squad and platoon, while our other classes were being instructed in the platoon, company and battalion work three days of each week.

October 14th, 1908, found the military body in a most satisfactory condition, which fact was attested by the excellent drill executed that day on the State Fair Grounds, in the presence of two of North Carolina's best military officers—Lieut. Colonel R. L. Leinster of Raleigh, and Captain Cohen of Goldsboro, who were kind enough to act as judges for us; and who gave their decision in favor of Company C, Corps of Cadets, commanded by Captain J. M. Price, as being the best drilled company; and to which company was awarded the silk military pennant to be carried at all ceremonies until the next State Fair. Many compliments were paid the battalion upon its drill and maneuvers, one among which appears appropriate to incorporate in this, our history of the birth, life and strife of the battalion. It was this: "There stands the best living advertisement for the A. & M. College that I have ever seen." These words were uttered by one of North Carolina's ablest military officers, while he was viewing the parade, a gentleman of age and experience in the handling of young men.

Very material progress has been made this year in both the theoretical and practical work of the department. Improvement is very evident in the drill

work, attention to duty, by both officers and cadets, and a general good feeling exists throughout the entire battalion, all of which is very pleasing to the department. It was a pleasure to the battalion to be able to participate in the inaugural parade, in Raleigh, January 12th, 1909, and thus augment the military feature of the day by 306 well drilled cadets and a band which compared favorably with the best military bnds called into service for that occasion. Our band is not a concert band, but purely military, being employed for the purpose of ceremony, at parades, reviews, inspections and guard mounting. All members in this organization have worked willingly, cheerfully, intelligently and harmoniously to educate themselves in musical duties. These efforts have been richly rewarded. The band is a good one, and a great joy to the battalion and to the entire College. Its membership is materially increased over last year.

There have been some few changes in the uniform, viz., white duck trousers and the new pattern bell-top cap have been added. The officers have secured the Army Regulation Uniform. These changes very much enhance the general appearance of the men on ceremonies. For drill work, the white trousers, with the blue chambray shirt, make a very delightful combination tending toward ease and comfort during the warm season.

In reviewing the work of the past year, it is very pleasant and gratifying to feel that some improvement has been made, and that the military department has been raised to a position of such importance that the War Department of the United States feels justified in appointing one of the honor graduates of the College a lieutenant in its regular forces. Captain Clarence T. Marsh, an honor graduate, and an officer of the battalion during the year 1907-08, having shown special aptitude for military service, was commissioned September 27th, 1908, to the United States Coast Artillery Corps, and is now with the 23rd Company at Fort McKinley, Maine. Mr. Marsh, with his gentlemanly habits and irreproachable character, with his natural and acquired intelligence, his correct ideas of honesty, zeal and industry, has before him a bright future in his chosen profession, for which he is well equipped. We have every reason to believe that Lieut. Marsh will serve the United States ably, and with credit to himself and to his native State.

The work and principles inculcated by the military department, as taught here, would seem to materially benefit young men in more ways than one. Under the head of military science there appear a number of wholesome sub-

jects, both theoretical and practical, which influence very greatly the general "make up" of a young man preparing himself for the battle of life. The following subjects are taken up in the classroom, viz.: Infantry Drill Regulations, Guard Manual, Field Service Regulations and Small Arms Firing Regulations, and as far as practical, some portion of these subjects is taken up in a practical way for the benefit of the cadet, both mentally and physically.

The Infantry Drill Regulations teach the man how to control the movements of the body; by its gymnastic exercises he procures a good "set-up and carriage"; it strengthens the muscles of the body and affords him an amount of necessary exercise and out-door work imperatively essential to his physical system. It gives him an idea of organizing units into squads, sections, platoons and companies, and affords him an opportunity to actually handle, command and control the whole by direction of his will-power. It places at the disposal of the cadet an excellent opportunity to acquire the great art of self-control and self-reliance, without which no man may hope to succeed. He disciplines and controls himself first, and thereby paves the way to manage a body of men of varied characteristics. The cadet is associated with the fundamental principles underlying the control and management of men.

To-day, no less than in previous times, an aggregation of men is but a raw mass, having certain potentialities which must be developed into an efficient organization or into a mob. And it is no less true now than in the past, that there is but one force with which such a mass can be so developed, and that is discipline. Discipline, justly and firmly administered, is the only solid foundation upon which the welfare of any organization, be it civil or military, can rest. Discipline enables one to perform his duty in a cool, frank and intelligent manner, pouring out justice to all and partiality to none. It teaches us of small things—not trivials—which form an essential part of the great engine, and which, if neglected, would rust, loosen and grind, and bring to us certain wreck, despair and disaster.

Whatever each of us can add to our strength and prestige, establishes confidence in each, and, in short, elevates the entire morals of the battalion and military department.

Perfect sympathy for and interest in each other are not incompatible with rigid discipline. Bear in mind that a willing horse can be more easily led to water than otherwise. It is to the best interests of all concerned that every member of an organization perform his duty willingly and efficiently, each

constantly aiding the other, and all striving to bring about absolute loyalty among its members, putting forth a concerted effort to raise the standard of the organization. This can easily be done, by familiarizing ourselves with both the theoretical and practical principles of the duties pertaining to that organization. If those duties be military, then the technical knowledge and skill acquired by its members greatly augment our value, in a military way, to our state.

Guard Manual teaches us to handle men by according each individual unit of our body just and impartial detail to the arduous duties surrounding a soldier's life. This is done by roster. It can be appropriately termed the "Time Book" of the soldier, in which is collected the rules and regulations governing the performance of duty incident to the protection of life and property.

Next, our department instructs in Field Service Regulations, which teaches us of the composition of our state militia, the land and naval forces of the United States, in peace and in war; how to issue orders to a body of men; of the service of security and information of our troops by independent, detached organizations; of marches, the preparation for, the start and rate. It teaches us of the most effective methods of combat; of the best food supplies for field work, and how they can be obtained; of transportation, comprising the assembling, management, equipping and preservation of wagon trains, ammunition columns, supply columns and pack trains operated on land, and of shipping troops and horses by land and by water. It also instructs us in shelter for the field, duties in camp and the sanitary measures to be taken to insure good health conditions both under roof and in the field.

Firing Regulations, taken up next, instructs us how to hit the object aimed at. It is one of the most important subjects. Every soldier must be thoroughly trained in the care, preservation and accuracy of his rifle. The effect of small arms fire depends upon the number of actual hits made, not upon the number of shots fired. It naturally follows, therefore, that soldiers who cannot hit what they fire at are of little value on the field of battle. In this subject thorough courses are given for firing at known distances and estimated distances with timed fire, slow fire and rapid fire. Marksmanship is a valuable accomplishment, which is only attained by constant practice on the range and in the gallery, supplemented by instruction in position, aiming and sighting drills.

With the constant expansion of our nation, and a natural increase of our army, many opportunities are presented the young men of the College to secure appointments, after proper examination, to military positions, which will enable them to follow the honorable profession of arms with success, provided such a life appeals to them. It is probable that many may be found, who think that a soldier's life, with its immunity from commercialism, and with its freedom from the necessity of self-seeking, offers infinite opportunity for well being and happiness. The profession of arms is one which, instead of engendering constant conflict between expediency and conscience, nurtures truth and daring, self-sacrifice and all nobility of character. Its duties and pleasures alike tend to develop a fine sense of honor, unselfishness and a broad humanity. And in this favorable atmosphere, good-fellowship flourishes and grows to that perfection of comradeship not to be found elsewhere.



1 2:15 PM Saturday



2 2:30 PM Same Saturday



3 attended the shooting

The Staff

COMMANDANT

J. S. E. YOUNG, U. S. A., FIRST LIEUTENANT

STAFF OFFICERS

H. N. SUMNER..... MAJOR

T. M. CLARK..... CAPTAIN AND ADJUTANT

W. F. MORRIS..... CAPTAIN AND QUARTERMASTER

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF

S. H. McNEELY..... SERGEANT MAJOR

T. D. HARRIS..... COLOR SERGEANT



H.W. SUMNER
MAJOR



W.F. MORRIS
CAPT. AND QUARTERMASTER



T.M. CLARK
CAPT. AND ADJT.



FIRST LIEUT. J. SEYOUNG, U.S.A.
COMMANDANT



T.D. HARRIS
COLOR SERGT.



S.H. MENZELY
SERGT. MAJOR



G.W. ROSS
CHIEF TRUMPETER



MISS SALLIE WOOD McMULLAN
SPONSOR BATTALION



MAJ. H. N. SUMNER
BATTALION



MISS LUCY OSBORNE
LAWDALE, N. C.
SPONSOR "A" CO.



CAPT. J. W. HARRELSON
"A" CO.



J. W. HARRELSON
CAPTAIN



J. E. LATHAM
FIRST LIEUTENANT



W. N. SLOAN
SECOND LIEUTENANT



H. S. STEELE
SECOND LIEUTENANT

Company A

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

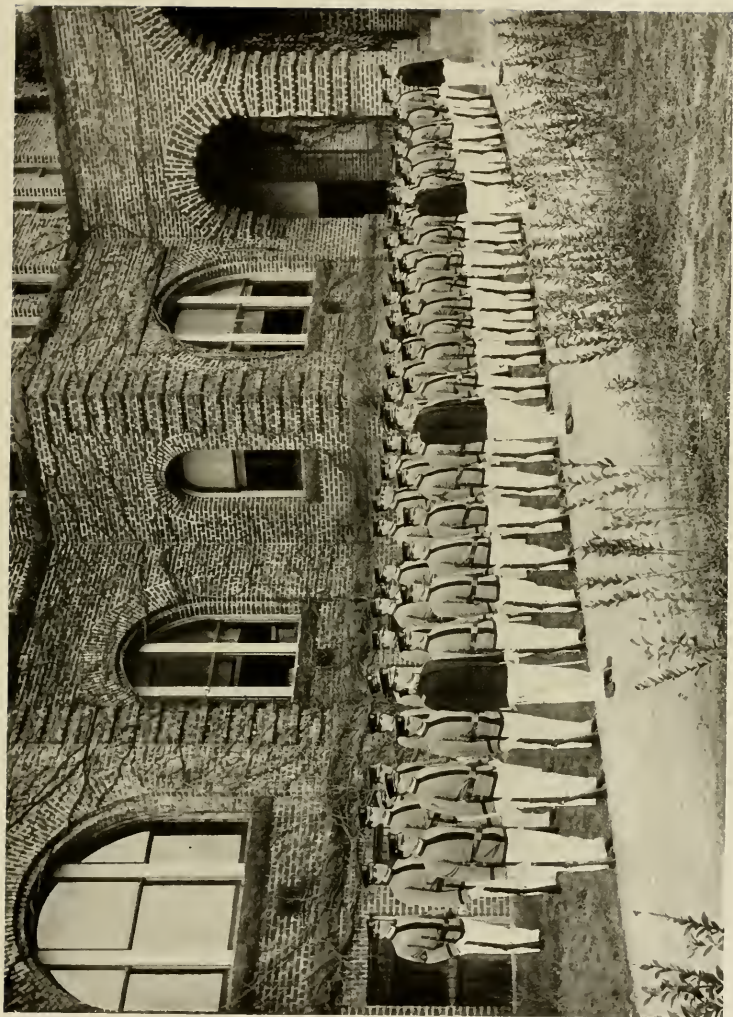
T. B. SUMMERLIN	First Sergeant
J. C. ALBRIGHT	Sergeant
C. W. HINSHAW	Sergeant
H. C. CLAY	Sergeant
W. L. MANNING	Sergeant
L. D. MOODY	Sergeant
W. H. DAVIS	Corporal
J. L. MARTIN	Corporal
K. BRYAN	Corporal
W. P. THURSTON	Corporal
F. T. PEDEN	Corporal
W. J. HALL	Corporal

PRIVATEs

BARBER, R. J.
BARBER, T. C.
BEAMAN, J. M.
BELL, C. E.
BLACK, F. M.
BOND, A. H.
BOONE, G. K.
BROWN, J. H.
BRUNER, S. C.
BUCHAN, H. C.
BUCK, E. E.
BYRUM, V. P.
CLEMENT, R.
COOPER, T. B.
COSBY, J. C.
DEAL, R. C.

DEANS, E. G.
DUKES, C. A.
EASON, J. I.
EVANS, E. M.
GRAHAM, W. H.
HALL, C. G.
HARDEN, J. M.
HAWKS, F.
HIGGINS, B. B.
JAY, J. R.
JONES, H. F.
KIRBY, S. J.
KNOX, J. S.
LEE, C. W.
LOFTIN, U. C.
MACKIE, T. H.

MEWBORN, R. E.
MITCHNER, S. T.
NEWCOMB, C. M.
PENNINGTON, W. C.
POTTER, B. M.
RIGGAN, L. N.
SMITH, F.
SMITH, J. M.
SPEAS, C. A.
SPRIGHT, J. F.
SPIERS, D. B.
THOMPSON, J. S.
TYSON, E. M.
WADSWORTH, E.
WILLIAMS, W. W.
WILSON, W. T.



COMPANY A



MISS LEAHY DAVIS
WAKE FOREST, N. C.
SPONSOR "B" CO.



CAPT. R. A. SHOPE
"B" CO.



R. A. SHOPE
CAPTAIN



W. S. DEAN
FIRST LIEUTENANT



W. M. MILLNER
SECOND LIEUTENANT



R. R. FAISON
SECOND LIEUTENANT

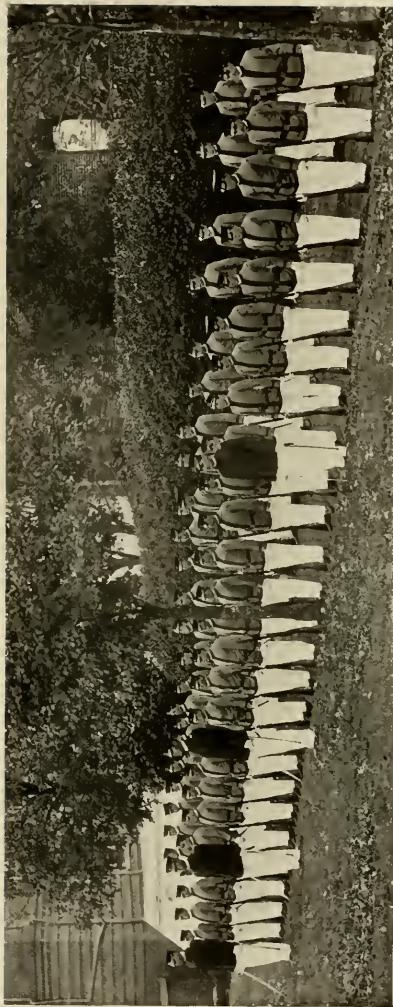
Company B

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

J. F. ROBINSON	First Sergeant
J. B. PARKS	Sergeant
L. L. HOOD	Sergeant
T. S. BOND	Sergeant
M. S. MAYES	Sergeant
J. L. SPRINGS	Sergeant
N. R. MARTIN	Corporal
E. JOHNSTON	Corporal
J. P. QUINERLY	Corporal
G. W. GILLETTE	Corporal
T. W. THORNE	Corporal
F. G. TUCKER	Corporal

PRIVATEs

BOSTIAN, E.	FREEMAN, M. R.	STANSEL, T. B.
BRADFIELD, J. M.	GREEN, J. O.	STAFFORD, T. H.
BROWN, C. E.	GRAEBER, R. W.	SWINDELL, L. H.
BRUNER, S. C.	HARDISON, R. M.	SHULL, W. T.
BRAY, J. B.	HARTNESS, W. W.	SEXTON, J. W.
COUNCIL, J. M.	HOLMAN, S. W.	SHERMAN, J. M.
DESPORTES, F. A.	KELLOG, J. G.	TAYLOR, A. W.
DEWAR, E. S.	KERN, W. H.	TICE, H. B.
DOUGHTON, J. H.	MACKAY, J. J.	WAKEFIELD, A.
DUNN, J. L.	McKIMMON, A.	WALTON, H. M.
ELLER, W. F.	MOORE, J. I.	WHITTED, H. P.
FALKNER, A. L.	PICKEL, A. H.	WILLIS, E.
FENNELL, J. G.	REINHARDT, W. H.	WINECOFF, A. W.
FLOYD, D. B.	SEIFERT, D. W.	WHITE, R. G.



COMPANY B



MISS CAROLYN CLARK TUGGLE
MARTINSVILLE, VA.
SPONSOR "C" CO.



CAPT. J. M. PRICE
"C" CO.



J. M. PRICE
CAPTAIN



J. W. IVEY
FIRST LIEUTENANT



J. R. CRAVEN
SECOND LIEUTENANT



J. E. TOOMER
SECOND LIEUTENANT

Company C

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

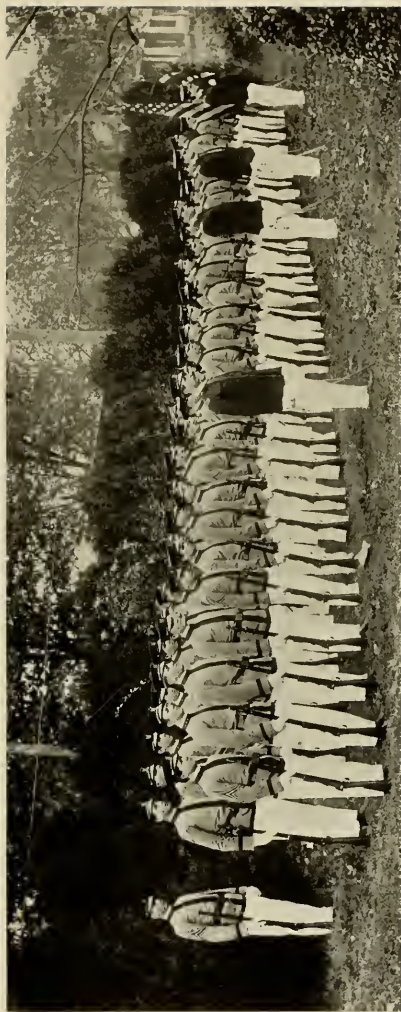
L. P. McLENDON.....	First Sergeant
R. L. MORGAN.....	Sergeant
R. E. GILL.....	Sergeant
T. H. THOMPSON.....	Sergeant
H. W. WELLES.....	Sergeant
W. M. NEALE.....	Sergeant
W. BAILEY.....	Corporal
J. M. BEAL.....	Corporal
R. S. FAIRLY.....	Corporal
M. F. WYATT.....	Corporal

PRIVATES

ALEXANDER, N. O.
BARINGTON, R. K.
BLAIR, W. E.
BRUTON, E. P.
CALDWELL, P.
DAIL, L. L.
DAWSON, T. T.
DERBY, E. C.
GUNN, G. K.
GRAY, J. M.
HAYWOOD, E. B.
HOLDING, W. A.
HOWARD, S. B.
HOICK, F. H.
JONES, R. F.

LAMBE, L. H.
LAMBETH, C. J.
MERCER, H. B.
MOTT, H.
McDONALD, S.
McKIMMON, C.
McPHAIL, G.
McQUEEN, N.
MOYE, J. W.
OETTINGER, L.
OWENS, C. W.
PITTINGER, P. N.
PRICE, J. B.
RIDDICK, I. G.
STAINBACK, C. B.

SMITH, E. H.
SMITH, O. W.
STURGILL, D. B.
SESSOMS, M. M.
TILLEY, G. C.
TROTTER, G. R.
WINFREE, W. B.
YARBOROUGH, M. R.
PARKER, M. L.
SPRUILL, C. W.
HAYNES, E. A.
ALLEN, D. L.
BELL, M. H.
STEPHENS, R. G.



COMPANY C



MISS JENNIE LEE WILLIAMS
SUFFOLK, VA.
SPONSOR "D" CO.



CAPT. W. A. HORNADAY
"D" CO.



W. A. HORNADAY
CAPTAIN



J. G. PASCHAL
FIRST LIEUTENANT



J. M. PARKER
SECOND LIEUTENANT

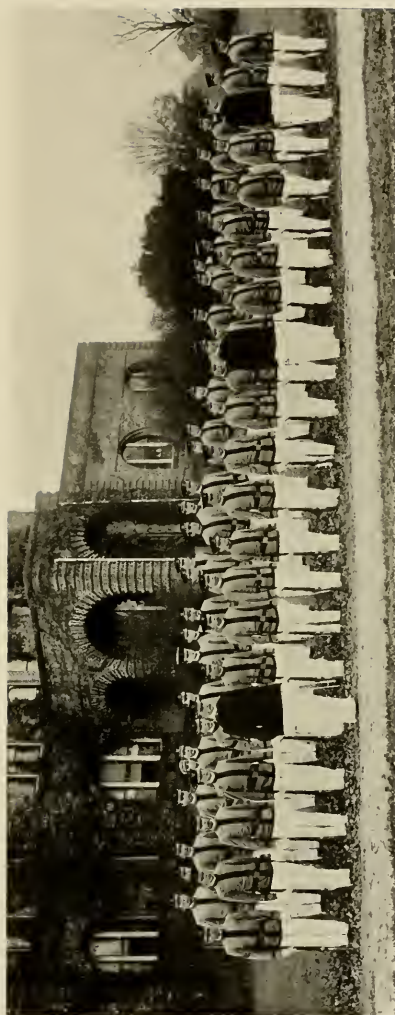
Company D

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

C. R. JORDAN	First Sergeant
R. BOWDITCH	Sergeant
C. R. BRADLEY	Sergeant
E. A. SEIDENSPINNER	Sergeant
E. L. WINSLOW	Sergeant
J. W. BUCHANAN	Corporal
R. T. BOYLAN	Corporal
R. L. MORRISON	Corporal
S. B. PHIFER	Corporal

PRIVATEs

ARMFIELD, A. S.	HINES, J. M.	SCHWARTZ, W. B.
BENCINI, R.	HOWELL, R. W.	SHERLOCK, E. L.
BEST, H. Q.	HOSKINS, T. J.	SMALL, R. W.
BINGHAM, W. H.	KOONCE, M. B.	SMALL, J. C.
BOST, C. C.	KILPATRICK, G. S.	SMITH, E. L.
BARRINGER, O. A.	LASSITER, M. C.	STEADMAN, C. A.
CROW, W. H.	LORE, E. P.	STEVENS, N. B.
CALDWELL, W.	LUCAS, T. S.	SUGG, M. F.
FEREBEE, P. B.	MCDOWELL, F. N.	SUGG, W. P.
FORBIS, R. E.	MOORE, E. B.	SHERWOOD, T. B.
FREEMAN, E. V.	MULLEN, J. R.	SPENCER, S. A.
HARTSELL, H.	PRICE, E. B.	SPEARS, C. A.
HUNTER, R. C.	PARKER, J. M.	THOMPSON, G. L.
HICKS, R. W.	PEDEN, J. T.	VALAER, C. J.
	SCOTT, J. L.	



COMPANY D



MISS INEZ FAY KOONTZ
TRENTON, N. C.
SPONSOR BAND



CAPT. T. F. HAYWOOD
BAND



T. F. HAYWOOD
CAPTAIN



W. R. MARSHALL
FIRST LIEUTENANT



J. H. ROBERTSON
SECOND LIEUTENANT

Band

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

W. E. DAVIS.....	First Sergeant
I. N. TULL.....	Sergeant
C. E. WALTON.....	Sergeant
W. R. PHILLIPS.....	Sergeant
J. W. ROLLINSON.....	Corporal
G. R. ROSS.....	Corporal
O. M. SIGMON.....	Corporal
L. E. STEERE.....	Corporal
R. F. WADE.....	Corporal

PRIVATEs

BAKER, A. L.
BRYAN, G. K.
HINKLE, D. R.
KIRBY, L. H.
LEE, E.
LYTCH, J. E.
MATTHEWS, J. G.

MCCRACKEN, E. R.
MURRAY, H. P.
MURRAY, W. R.
SADLER, C. C.
STYRON, W. C.
YAYLOR, C. M.
MCGHEE, J. E.



BAND

Sergeants

S. H. McNEELY.....	SERGEANT MAJOR
T. D. HARRIS.....	COLOR SERGEANT
R. J. WYATT.....	DRUM MAJOR

FIRST SERGEANTS

T. B. SUMMERLIN.....	COMPANY A
J. F. ROBINSON.....	COMPANY B
L. P. McLENDON.....	COMPANY C
C. R. JORDAN.....	COMPANY D
W. E. DAVIS.....	BAND

SEGEANTS

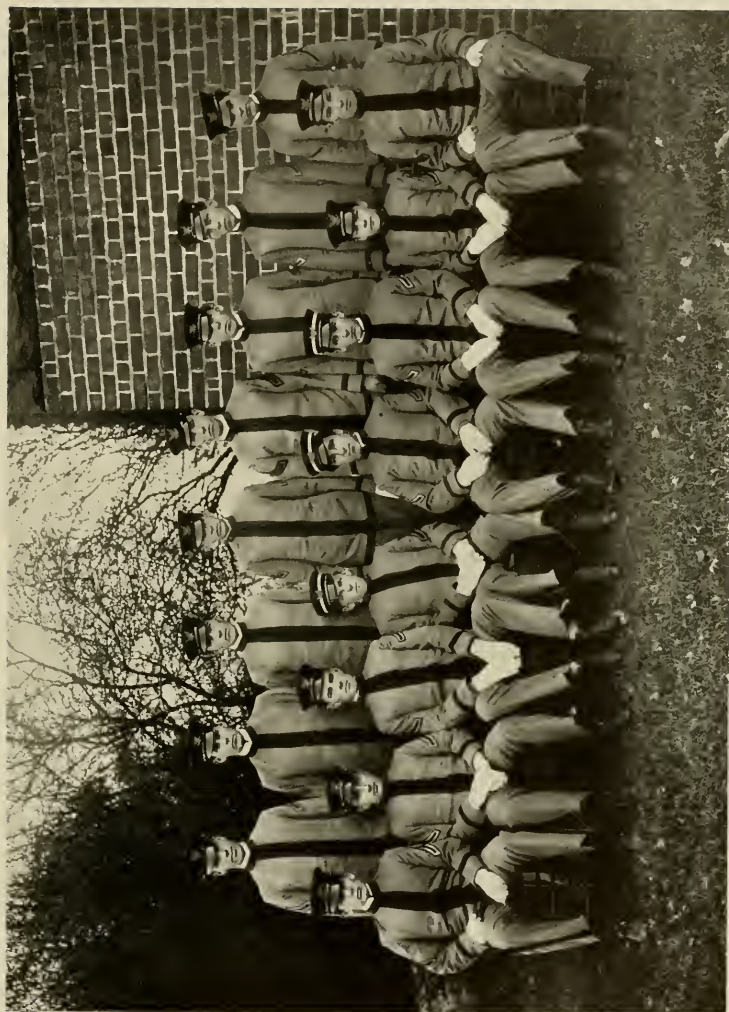
J. C. ALBRIGHT.....	COMPANY A
C. W. HINSHAW.....	COMPANY A
H. C. CLAY.....	COMPANY A
W. L. MANNING.....	COMPANY A
L. D. MOODY.....	COMPANY A
J. B. PARKS.....	COMPANY B
L. L. HOOD.....	COMPANY B
T. S. BOND.....	COMPANY B
M. S. MAYES.....	COMPANY B
J. L. SPRINGS.....	COMPANY B
R. L. MORGAN.....	COMPANY C
R. E. GILL.....	COMPANY C
T. B. THOMPSON.....	COMPANY C
H. W. WELLES.....	COMPANY C
W. M. NEALE.....	COMPANY C
R. BOWDITCH.....	COMPANY D
C. R. BRADLEY.....	COMPANY D
E. A. SEIDENSPINNER.....	COMPANY D
E. L. WINSLOW.....	COMPANY D
I. N. TULL.....	BAND
C. E. WALTON.....	BAND
W. R. PHILLIPPS.....	BAND



SERGEANTS

Corporals

W. H. DAVIS.....	COMPANY A
J. L. MARTIN.....	COMPANY A
K. BRYAN.....	COMPANY A
W. P. THURSTON.....	COMPANY A
F. T. PEDEN.....	COMPANY A
W. J. HALL.....	COMPANY A
N. R. MARTIN.....	COMPANY B
E. JOHNSTON.....	COMPANY B
J. P. QUINERLY.....	COMPANY B
G. W. GILLETTE.....	COMPANY B
T. W. THORNE.....	COMPANY B
F. G. TUCKER.....	COMPANY B
W. BAILEY.....	COMPANY C
J. M. BEAL.....	COMPANY C
R. S. FAIRLY.....	COMPANY C
M. F. WATT.....	COMPANY C
J. W. BUCHANAN.....	COMPANY D
R. T. BOVLAN.....	COMPANY D
R. L. MORRISON.....	COMPANY D
S. B. PHIFFER.....	COMPANY D
J. W. ROLLINSON.....	BAND
G. R. ROSS.....	BAND
O. M. SIGMON.....	BAND
L. E. STERE.....	BAND
R. F. WADE.....	BAND



CORPORALS

Senior Privates, Co. D

ROLL

J. A. AREY
J. W. BARRETT, JR.
W. H. BANCK
C. D. BROTHERS
W. M. COWLES
J. F. DAVIDSON
C. O. DOUGHERTY
F. A. DUKE
W. H. EATON
F. L. FOARD
W. A. FAISON
R. L. FOX
L. P. GATTIS
A. S. GOSS
C. P. GRAY
A. H. GREEN
W. R. HAMPTON
L. HENDERSON
B. B. HIGGINS
D. H. HILL, JR.
W. F. R. JOHNSON

F. J. JONES
R. LONG
S. M. MALLISON
R. C. MASON
A. B. MASSEY
B. F. MONTAGUE
S. L. OLIVER
P. P. PIERCE
P. M. PITTS
R. R. REINHARDT
A. P. RIGGS
J. O. SADLER
F. W. SHERWOOD
G. G. SIMPSON
S. F. STEPHENS
M. H. TERRELL
C. S. TATE
F. M. THOMPSON
J. S. WHITEHURST
J. S. WILSON
P. A. WITHERSPOON



COMPANY Q



VIEW OF BUILDINGS LOOKING SOUTH

My Prince

KATHERINE, please be serious for once, and tell me why you treat Mr. Dexter as you do?"

"My dear cousin Mary, you astound me. Am I not serious now? Am I not always the very emblem of seriousness itself?"—which broad statement the roguish laughter in her clear grey eyes contradicted. "Have I not always been thankful to Fate—poor Fate! whom every one abuses—that she did not make me frivolous as other girls? Mary, don't look so incredulous, I beg you. Now, cousin mine, is this frown deep and dark enough, or shall I make it several degrees darker in shade, as I demand to know, in stern tones, whereof I have failed in my duty to your protégé, Mr. Dexter? Am I not a model of politeness—a veritable 'Lady Chesterfield'?"

"Oh, Katherine, Katherine! Spare me any more eloquence; I feel that I could not survive it," said Mary, laughing. "And please straightway remove that serious look. Had I known what to expect, nothing could have tempted me to ask you to be serious even for a moment. I merely wished to ask why you treated Mr. Dexter so coldly. Did you ask if you were polite to him? You are a regular iceberg of politeness."

"But why are you so perverse and say that you cannot love him, Katie dear? He is so well able to make you happy, he idolizes you—everyone can see that—and he is young, handsome, gifted, wealthy—"

"Would you have me—"

"No, let me finish before I am overwhelmed with another burst of eloquence. Here you are, just at the very time you should be happy and enjoying life—for you deserve happiness more than anyone I know of, little girl—and yet you banish him, bury yourself in a hot, dusty schoolroom, with dirty little urchins—I cannot understand it, my child; if he were old and ugly I might—but such a model young man as he is, and one whom half the girls would jump at the offer of his love and fortune. I know it is very noble in you to work to support your mother, and think of how much more pleasure it would give her, when such a release from the drudgery of teaching, I feel that you are making a great mistake not to accept it. Couldn't you love him just a little?"

"Stop! wait! help! Who is waxing eloquent now? Where shall I begin to answer so many questions?"

"First, because you have found your Prince, don't think that every other man is a prince, too.

"And I beg leave to call your Majesty's attention to the fact—I *am* happy. How could I be otherwise when everyone is so kind and good to me?"

"Then that teaching question. I don't think teaching is drudgery—I like it—and the children, with their quaint sayings, I love them. Perhaps it is true that sometimes their faces and hands may not be immaculate, but their little hearts are so sweet and fresh and pure, they remind me of flowers—violets, baby-faced pansies, frail, delicate snowdrops—the world's great flower garden.

"And mother"—here her eyes softened and a dewy, misty look replaced the laughter in them—"what a privilege it is for me to work for her—she who has done so much for me!"

"Lastly—and it makes me feel as if I were a minister saying lastly—you, your own self, little woman, with your puritanical ideas of truth and honor, would not have me marry a man I did not love—accept his love and his wealth, and in return give him an empty heart—no, dear, I know you better; and I! I should despise myself, could I stoop to that. Yes, I know he is worthy of love. Do not ask me why I cannot love him. Know you not the little blind god, Cupid, comes not at our call, but sends his darts where and at whom he will?"

"And now, have I convinced you? You have found your Prince—do not deny me the pleasure of waiting and watching for mine."

"You have always had a way of making us think as you wish, Katie. I suppose it is because you make us love you first. I shall miss you so much—I wish you were not going to-night. But you must promise me, after you have spent the month among the teachers of the Old North State, you will come back to me for the summer—I will not take 'no' for an answer."

And as Mary went within to prepare a lunch, Katherine still swayed to and fro in the hammock, as she mused:

"Who would not be happy in such a spot? I think it is the most beautiful of any portion of our dear old Palmetto State. The great gnarled old oaks with their Quaker dresses of soft grey moss, which hangs in long festoons till it scarce escapes touching the ground—the yellow jasmine clambering in riotous profusion over every available tree, bough and twig, then casting its blossoms

in showers of yellow gold at their feet, and lading the air for miles around with its sweet fragrance. In the distance, through the trees, can be caught a glimpse of the sea—the restless, ever moving sea, with its ceaseless murmur which lulls one to rest as a mother her tired child.” And yielding to the motion of the hammock, Katherine lazily closed her eyes.

She was not pretty, this slender girl. One of her friends described her thus: “A wee Palmetto girl, with delicate features and laughing face; hair, which having been kissed by the sun, had caught several stray sunbeams, that still lingered in its meshes as though loath to leave; a sweet mouth, and clear, earnest grey eyes which looked straight into yours—eyes fearless and tender; grave and laughing; proud and appealing. A girl who had a way of capturing your love ere you knew it was gone, and when you realized it you did not wish it back again. Once her friend, always her friend.”

“Katherine, Katherine, come to lunch.” Lazily, sleepily opening her eyes, she murmured “My Prince,” then starting, said half-aloud, “I must have fallen asleep, and I’ve dreamed of my Prince again. Will I ever meet him except in dreams, I wonder? Well, I must go and tell Mary of my dream, and let her lecture me once more, before I go, on being so imaginative. Dear old Mary, how good she is to me, and how I love her—I fancy as a sister which I have always longed for.”

.

The car was whirling along, carried by that wonderful power of electricity, which man has caught, chained and made his slave.

Katherine was idly gazing out, half listening to the young lady she had recently met—half thinking of the friends she had left in the Palmetto State, and around her heart lurked the merest twinge of homesickness—when she heard her name called—“My friend, Miss Allison, Mr. Ravenel.” Looking up, she started, for with brown eyes smiling down into her grey ones stood—the Prince of her dreams. The same handsome head, the dark eyes, now deep, soft and tender—now with a shadow of mischief lurking in their depths; the same clear-cut features; the same mouth, strong, firm, yet gentle, and as he raised his hat, the same broad white brow, with short, dark, clustering curls.

“We have startled Miss Allison from some very pleasant dreams,” he said, “if I may judge from her expression;”—then, “Permit me,” as he descended from the car with them, accompanied them a short distance to the church and

entered. Katherine was more quiet than was wont with her, and only once during the service, as the organ was pealing forth, did she glance around at the Prince, to see if this, too, were a dream, and if he were still there. His face was filled with the soul of the music—he did not even remember her existence.

The next afternoon she had just gathered her writing materials, and began—

“Raleigh, N. C., Watauga, July, 1903.

“My Dear Mary:—I have met the Prince—”

when a knock at the door and a note asking permission to call was handed her from the Prince.

“Will you tell me,” he said later that evening as they sat looking out at the rain softly falling—“from what pleasant reverie we so rudely awoke you yesterday—you looked quite startled when we called you to earth again, and I feared you must think me an ogre?”

She did not tell him that his face was so strangely like the face of the Prince that she so often saw in her dreams—but she told him of her dear old Palmetto State—her home—the great old trees covered in long grey moss—the yellow jasmine—the sea.

And he spoke of the Old North State—the Palmetto’s sister—the grand mountain scenery.

“May I come again tomorrow evening,” he said on leaving, “and convince you that our mountains are more beautiful than your sea?”

“You may try to convince me,” she replied, “but I am very stubborn.”

When the Prince came in the next evening with a great bunch of white carnations, “If we cannot agree on our States,” he said, “perhaps we can on flowers,” as he smilingly handed them to her. “Do you like flowers?”

“I love them.”

“Again we differ, for I hold that you cannot love anything which cannot return your love.”

“But I love them, anyway,” she said, smiling up at him. “Some are dear, true friends, others pleasant acquaintances. The violets first, dear little flowers, looking up so trustfully into your face, with earnest eyes—asking for little, contented if they may but bloom, love you and shed their fragrance, undivided to all. The rose, as she bends her graceful head to hear your secret you whisper to her, assuring you she will keep it faithfully. The white carnation, with her little hands clasped in prayer as a child at its mother’s knee.”

"The carnation seems to me some haughty princess holding her white satin robes."

"See! You will not agree with me."

"Well, if that isn't like a man the world over," she laughed, "asks you for your opinion—disagrees with you of his own accord, and then accuses you of doing the disagreeing."

The next evening they went on a straw ride—a merry, merry crowd. Out from the city's dusty streets, into cool country lanes, finally stopping at a sweet country home. There they sat on the grass, played games as children again, drank the sweet, fresh milk handed them, sang the old, old songs of love and country.

As they returned, the Prince by her side, with a roguish gleam in his eyes whispered, "I know you don't have such nice straw rides in your Palmetto State."

"Oh, but we do," she answered quickly, and then seeing his look, "but perhaps not quite so nice," she faltered.

As he gently lifted her down, he looked into her eyes with such a true, tender look it caused them to droop, and made her quickly leave the crowd to be alone with that happy feeling that made her heart thrill so strangely.

And thus the month was passing. He had told her of his home—his life—this Prince who was so honest, strong, brave and true—just as she had dreamed he was. Always ready to help someone, the old and weak as well as the more fortunate ones with a bright, cheery word, and always he grew more and more the Prince of her dreams—as they searched for four-leaf clovers, in the long summer twilight—or told fortunes with the daisies—or wandered over the campus—or often sat under the magnolia tree and talked—as they watched the round, full moon rise out from the east, shedding her soft, silvery beams over the ivy-covered College, and changing it into an enchanted castle, over which the fairies waved their wands—and the silent halls and green-carpeted lawns were filled with a happy, gay, careless, laughing throng, whose songs and laughter echoed on the evening air. All too quickly the month was passing, and soon again the fairies would wave their wands—the merry crowd would vanish—the doors would close—the halls become again gloomy, quiet, still—a deserted castle.

Some such thoughts were passing through the minds of Katherine and the

Prince, as they sat one evening, watching the stars come out one by one, sentinels of the night, guarding the earth until the moon should rise with her light.

They were sitting in silence. Wafted on the night air, the sounds of music came softly floating over them.

'Twas the Prince who broke the silence—

"I shall miss you when you are gone. Will you be sorry to leave the Old North State?"

"Yes," she said softly.

"I love you"—that was all, but it was the Prince who spoke the words, and her heart gave one great bound.

As he bent his head and the brown eyes so full of tenderness and love looked down into the grey ones to read their answer—her lids faltered beneath the gaze, then slowly drooped and the lashes hid them from view.

"Do you love me?" he whispered.

And as she softly answered "Yes," she knew that for aye she had found her Prince.





ATHLETICS

For
any
info

Athletic Association

J. L. VON GLAHN GRADUATE MANAGER
R. M. MERRITT ALUMNI MANAGER
DAVE CLARK ASSISTANT ALUMNI MANAGER

OFFICERS, FIRST TERM

RALPH LONG PRESIDENT
F. M. BLACK VICE-PRESIDENT
S. H. MCNEELY SECRETARY AND TREASURER

OFFICERS, SECOND TERM

S. F. STEPHENS PRESIDENT
F. M. BLACK VICE-PRESIDENT
E. H. SMITH SECRETARY AND TREASURER



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OFFICERS



Athletics

THE braggart no one admires, but to feel justifiable pride in the things that have been accomplished is commendable, and we feel that the progress which our College has made in athletics in the last few years is something to be proud of. During that time it has risen from small beginnings until now it is unquestionably the leader in athletics of this State, and is one of the principal factors to be reckoned with in the athletics of the South.

It has been comparatively only a few years since the A. & M. had its first athletic organization, and for two or three years, as might have been expected, its teams were beaten by all the colleges in the State. About six years ago for the first time we tied the University of North Carolina in a game of football, and the next year beat them in baseball. Three other tie games of football were played in successive years, and then the University, for reasons known only to themselves, decided not to play our team again. Since that time A. & M. has gone steadily forward in its athletics, and now stands on a par

with such institutions as the University of Virginia, Georgetown, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Washington & Lee, and other larger colleges to the north of us, and has for the last two years held the unquestioned championship of the State in football.

For many years our games were played on whatever part of the College ground happened to be uncultivated and without trees. About eight years ago, through the assistance of Capt. W. H. Day, then Superintendent of the Penitentiary, we were enabled to grade a practice field on the land belonging to the City Park, but were not allowed to enclose it, and our match games had to be played on the Fair Grounds, which the authorities of the North Carolina Agricultural Society were kind enough to let us use. This arrangement was far from satisfactory, and two years ago certain members of the faculty and alumni and a few other loyal friends of the College organized a company, and, after contributing what they could, were enabled to sell bonds enough to grade and enclose a splendid athletic field on the College ground, and convenient to the dormitories. They have since built a large grandstand and ample bleachers. It is now without doubt the best equipped college athletic field in the State.

This growth has not been accomplished without hard work on the part of a great many people; students, alumni, and members of the faculty have vied with one another in their efforts to advance the athletic interests of the College. The athletic spirit now has a firm hold on the College. Probably more than half of its students take part in some form of athletic sport, and those who are not physically qualified to be athletes themselves are enthusiastic supporters of the various teams, and interested spectators at all contests.

While the College has made a good record in baseball and track athletics, its greatest successes have been in football. During the last two years our football team has played the best teams in the South and has lost only one game.

Athletic affairs are now managed by an athletic committee consisting of the members of the athletic committee of the faculty, a graduate manager, an alumni representative, and two members from the student body. Our finances are in good shape and our enthusiasm boundless. With the continued earnest cooperation of students, alumni, faculty and friends of the College, we may hope not only to maintain our present high stand, but to go forward until we have the best teams in the country.

BASE BALL



ERRORS COST WAKE FOREST THE GAME

Defeated By A & M in an
Exciting Game.

SCORE FOUR TO THREE

A. & M. WINNERS

Defeat Randolph-Macon
in a Slow Game

WALK OVER FOR THE A&M BOYS

They Defeat Davidson 4
to 0 Yesterday

A & M WAS EASY VICTIM

Defeated by Delaware in Disap-
pointing Game 8 to 4.

WINS VICTORY IN MARYLAND

A. & M. Team Defeats St. John's
by Score of 2 to 0

BINGHAM DONE UP

Score Was 18 to 0 in
Favor of A. & M.

COLGATE IS VICTOR

Defeats A & M in a Very
Close Game.

DARTMOUTH TAKES A&M INTO CAMP

Exciting Game Won at
Length 4 to 2

A&M IS DEFEATED

LaFayette Scores Four,
Cadets Two.

DARTMOUTH DEFEATS A&M

Game Was a Long and
Listless One.

SCORE THREE TO ONE

DAVIDSON WINS BY ONE TO NOTHING

Spring of Goose Eggs for
A. & M.

GULFORD WINS

A & M Team Defeated
Five to Three

FIRST FOR "ALL LOCKES"

A. & M. Does the Trick by the
Score of 4 to 1

IT TOOK ELEVEN INNINGS

A. & M. Defeated the Wake Forest
Ball Team.

HOT SITUATION

AND NO BASEBALL

Bad Weather Prevent
Game Between A & M
and LaFayette
College.

Varsity Baseball Team

OFFICERS

G. L. LYERLY.....	X X X	MANAGER
R. R. FAISON.....	X X X	ASSISTANT MANAGER

LINE UP

F. M. THOMPSON (Captain).....	X X X	CATCHER
J. W. SEXTON	X X X	PITCHER
G. HARRIS.....	X X X	PITCH AND LEFT FIELD
R. L. FOX.....	X X X	FIRST BASE
D. W. SEIFERT.....	X X X	RIGHT FIELD
I. H. FARMER	X X X	THIRD BASE
F. M. BLACK.....	X X X	SHORTSTOP
J. M. COUNCIL.....	X X X	CENTER FIELD
J. H. ABERNETHY.....	X X X	SECOND BASE

SUBS

K. B. CLINE	L. P. GATTIS	G. W. ROSS	A. L. BAKER
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VARSITY BASEBALL TEAM



Scrub Baseball Team

LINE UP

M. C. LASSITER.....	THIRD BASE
A. S. GOSS.....	SHORTSTOP
G. S. KILPATRICK.....	SECOND BASE
W. F. R. JOHNSON.....	PITCH
J. B. BRAY.....	CATCH
J. O. SADLER.....	CATCH
W. M. LAMBETH.....	FIELD
J. W. BUCHANAN.....	FIRST BASE
M. HENDRICK.....	FIELD
W. B. AYCOCK.....	FIELD
L. H. COUCH.....	FIELD



Varsity Football Team

LINE UP

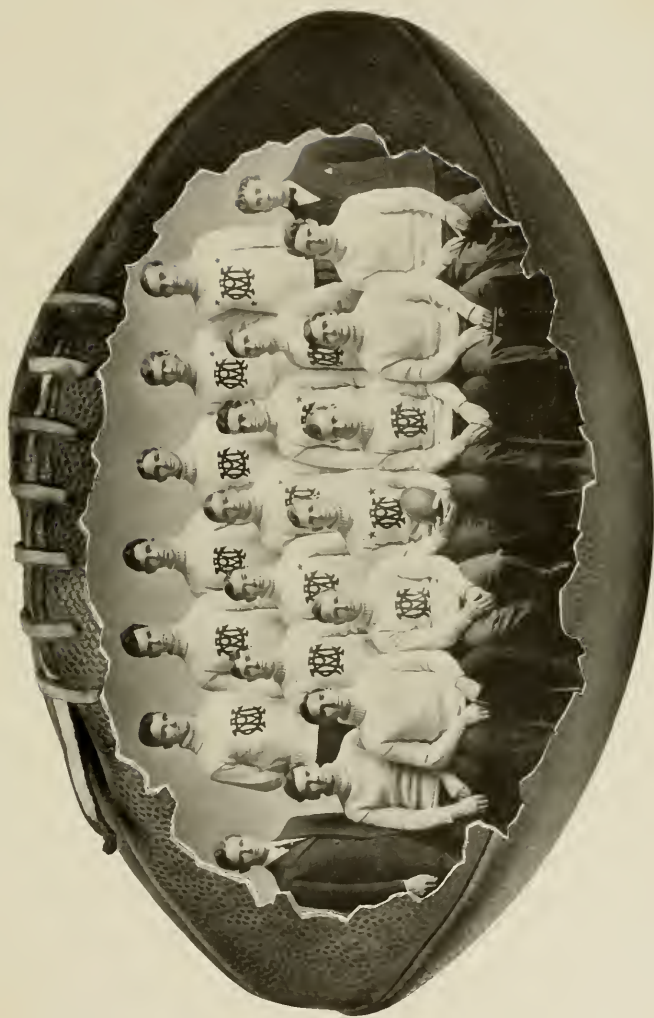
F. M. THOMPSON.....	FULL BACK
J. S. STROUD.....	HALF BACK
S. A. SPENCER.....	HALF BACK
S. F. STEPHENS (Captain).....	QUARTER
J. O. SADLER.....	END
H. HARTSELL.....	END
J. L. VON GLAHN.....	TACKLE
J. B. ROSS.....	TACKLE
E. C. GATTIS.....	GUARD
D. B. FLOYD.....	GUARD
J. L. DUNN.....	GUARD
J. B. BRAY.....	CENTER
J. W. SEXTON.....	HALF BACK
D. W. SEIFERT.....	END

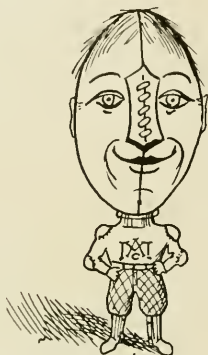
SUBSTITUTES

J. S. WHITEHURST	R. LONG	W. R. MARSHALL
J. F. DAVIDSON		

OFFICERS

C. P. GRAY.....	MANAGER
L. P. McLENDON.....	ASSISTANT MANAGER





WAKE FOREST-0
A&M — 25



WILLIAM & MARY-0
A&M — 24



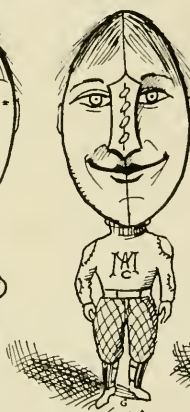
GEORGETOWN-0
A&M — 5



U.V.A. 6
A&M — 0



DAVIDSON-0
A&M — 21



WAKE FOREST-0
A&M — 76



V.P.I. 5
A&M 6



Scrub Football Team

MEMBERS

J. M. SHERMAN
M. C. LASSISTER
E. A. HAYNES
J. B. PARKS
E. G. DEANS
T. K. BRUNER
W. M. NEALE

H. MOTT
C. G. HALL
J. C. ALBRIGHT
P. A. WITHERSPOON
J. F. DAVIDSON
W. R. MARSHALL
J. S. WHITEHURST

T. H. STAFFORD

SCORES

Warrenton, 0; Scrubs, 40.

Wilmington, 0; Scrubs, 0.

Track Team Scores

100-yard dash: 10 4-5 seconds, Johnson, A. & M.; Gardner, Wake Forest; Lambeth, A. & M.

Hammer throw: Gardner, Wake Forest, 105 ft. 11 in.; Dunn, A. & M., 95 ft. 1 in.; O'Brien, Wake Forest, 82 ft. 10 in.

Half mile: Murchison, Wake Forest, 2:17 3-5; Bradfield, A. & M.; Carrick, Wake Forest.

Shot put: Bowman, Wake Forest, 35 ft. 6 in.; Gardner, Wake Forest, 33 ft. 7 1-2 in.; Dunn, A. & M., 32 ft. 2 in.

High jump: Johnson, A. & M., 5 ft.; Boynton, A. & M.; Oliver, Wake Forest (tie for second.)

Broad jump: Johnson, A. & M., 19 ft. 11 in.; Bowman, Wake Forest, 19 ft. 7 1-2 in.; Lambeth, A. and M., 18 ft. 5 in.

Pole vault: Smith, A. & M., 8 ft. 6 in.; Sherman, A. & M., 8 ft.; O'Brien, Wake Forest.

220-yard low hurdles: Sherman, A. & M., 31 seconds; Gardner, Wake Forest; Johnson, A. & M.

Mile run: McMillan, Wake Forest, 5:32; Jones, Wake Forest; Bowditch, A. & M.

220-yard dash: Gardner, Wake Forest, 25 4-5 seconds; Lambeth, A. M.; Marshall, A. & M.

440-yard dash: Murchison, Wake Forest, 58 3-10 seconds; Boynton, A. & M.; Collins, Wake Forest.

High hurdles: Johnson, A. & M., 18 3-5; Lassiter, A. & M.; Gardner, Wake Forest.

Record trials hammer throw: Wilson, A. & M., 120 ft.; Gardner, Wake Forest, 110 ft. 5 inches.

Shot put: Wilson, A. & M., 37 ft. 3 in.

At times Wake Forest was ahead and then A. & M. Wake Forest was ahead three points in next to the last event and Lassiter won the meet for A. & M. in the high hurdles.

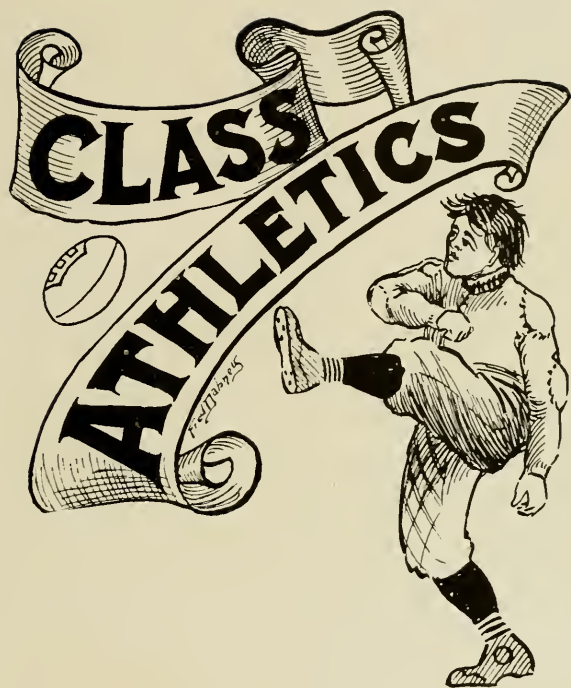
Score: A. & M., 56; Wake Forest, 52.



Track Team

A. G. BOYNTON.....	CAPTAIN
D. Y. HAGAN.....	MANAGER
W. R. HAMPTON.....	ASSISTANT MANAGER





Junior Baseball Team

TEAM

P. A. WITHERSPOON.....	CATCHER
S. F. STEPHENS.....	PITCHER
W. R. MARSHALL (Captain).....	FIRST BASE
L. HENDERSON.....	SECOND BASE
H. S. STEELE.....	THIRD BASE
R. R. REINHARDT.....	SHORTSTOP
H. N. SUMNER.....	LEFT FIELD
D. H. HILL.....	CENTER FIELD
C. S. TATE.....	RIGHT FIELD
J. F. DAVIDSON.....	RIGHT FIELD
W. N. SLOAN.....	MANAGER

SCORE

Juniors, 5; Sophomores, 10.



JUNIOR BASEBALL TEAM

Sophomore Baseball Team

(CHAMPIONS 1908)

TEAM

J. B. PARKS.....	PITCHER
W. H. CROW.....	CATCHER
H. P. MOSELEY.....	FIRST BASE
W. C. PENNINGTON.....	SECOND BASE
R. L. MORGAN.....	SHORTSTOP
T. B. SUMMERLIN.....	THIRD BASE
J. S. WILSON.....	CENTER FIELD
E. H. SMITH.....	RIGHT FIELD
C. C. SADLER.....	CENTER FIELD
C. E. WALTON.....	LEFT FIELD
L. H. SWINDELL.....	SUBSTITUTE
J. B. PARKS.....	MANAGER
J. W. SEXTON.....	COACH

SCORES

Sophomores, 7; Freshmen, 5. Sophomores, 10; Juniors, 5.



SOPHOMORE BASEBALL TEAM

Freshman Baseball Team

OFFICERS

G. W. ROSS.....	COACH
R. P. HEWLETT.....	MANAGER
O. M. SIGMON.....	ASSISTANT MANAGER

TEAM

J. E. ARDREY.....	CATCH
C. R. AUSTIN.....	CATCH
L. E. STEERE.....	PITCH
E. R. McCRACKEN (Captain).....	PITCH
B. S. ROBERTSON.....	FIRST BASE
G. S. KILPATRICK.....	SECOND BASE
J. M. BEAL.....	SHORTSTOP
G. K. BRYAN.....	THIRD BASE
D. R. HINKLE.....	RIGHT FIELD
C. G. HALL.....	CENTER FIELD
H. C. BUCHAN.....	LEFT FIELD
T. W. THORNE.....	SUBSTITUTE

SCORE

Sophomores, 7; Freshmen, 4.



FRESHMAN BASEBALL TEAM



All-Class Baseball Team

OFFICERS

C. P. GRAY.....MANAGER
J. W. SEXTON.....COACH

TEAM

W. R. MARSHALL (Captain).....FIRST BASE
R. R. REINHARDT.....SHORTSTOP
T. B. SUMMERLIN.....THIRD BASE
J. B. PARKS.....PITCHER
W. H. CROW.....CATCHER
D. R. HINKLE.....RIGHT FIELD
W. C. PENNINGTON.....SECOND BASE
D. H. HILL, JR.....LEFT FIELD
C. E. WALTON.....CENTER FIELD
E. R. McCracken.....SUBSTITUTE

All-Class Football Team

LINE UP

W. L. MANNING.....	QUARTER
J. B. PARKS.....	FULL BACK
O. M. SIGMON.....	HALF BACK
A. WAKEFIELD.....	HALF BACK
J. C. ALBRIGHT.....	TACKLE
E. A. HAYNES.....	END
J. E. ARDREY.....	END
R. W. GRAEBER.....	GUARD
R. P. HEWLETT.....	GUARD
J. M. COUNCIL.....	TACKLE
M. L. PARKER.....	END
E. H. SMITH.....	MANAGER

Junior Football Team

LINE UP

W. M. NEALE.....	CENTER
J. C. ALBRIGHT.....	RIGHT GUARD
J. M. GRAY.....	LEFT GUARD
J. M. COUNCIL.....	RIGHT TACKLE
W. H. CROW.....	LEFT TACKLE
F. M. BLACK.....	RIGHT END
E. A. HAYNES.....	LEFT END
W. L. MANNING (Captain).....	QUARTERBACK
M. C. LASSITER.....	RIGHT HALF BACK
E. A. SEIDENSPINNER.....	LEFT HALF BACK
J. B. PARKS.....	FULL BACK

SUBSTITUTES

C. W. HINSHAW E. LEE

S. A. SPENCER.....	COACH
E. H. SMITH.....	MANAGER

SCORES

Juniors, 0; Sophomores, 0.
 Juniors, 5; Sophomores, 0.
 Juniors, 21; Freshmen, 5.



JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

Sophomore Football Team

LINE UP

J. E. ARDREY.....	CENTER
R. W. GRAEBER.....	RIGHT GUARD
R. P. HEWLETT.....	RIGHT TACKLE
A. L. BAKER.....	RIGHT END
G. W. GILLETTE.....	LEFT GUARD
E. M. EVANS.....	LEFT TACKLE
G. K. BRYAN.....	LEFT END
C. G. HALL.....	QUARTER
G. S. KILPATRICK (Captain).....	LEFT HALF BACK
J. M. SHERMAN.....	FULL BACK
O. M. SIGMON.....	RIGHT HALF BACK

SUBSTITUTES

J. M. BEAL.....	C. E. BELL.....	G. McPHAIL.....
J. M. BRADFELD.....		MANAGER

SCORES

Juniors, 0; Sophomores, 0.

Juniors, 5; Sophomores, 0.



SOPHOMORE FOOTBALL TEAM

Freshman Football Team

LINE UP

J. C. RIDDICK.....	CENTER
D. B. SPIERS.....	RIGHT GUARD
J. K. GUNN.....	RIGHT TACKLE
S. W. HOLDMAN.....	RIGHT END
W. T. WILLSON.....	LEFT GUARD
C. C. POST.....	LEFT TACKLE
G. B. STEWART.....	LEFT END
H. B. MERCER.....	QUARTER
T. T. CRESWELL.....	FULL BACK
T. H. STAFFORD.....	LEFT HALF BACK
A. WAKEFIELD.....	RIGHT HALF BACK

SUBSTITUTES

G. R. TROTTER J. R. MULLEN

J. H. DOUGHTON.....MANAGER
H. HARTSELL.....COACH

SCORE

Freshmen, 5; Juniors, 21.



FRESHMAN FOOTBALL TEAM

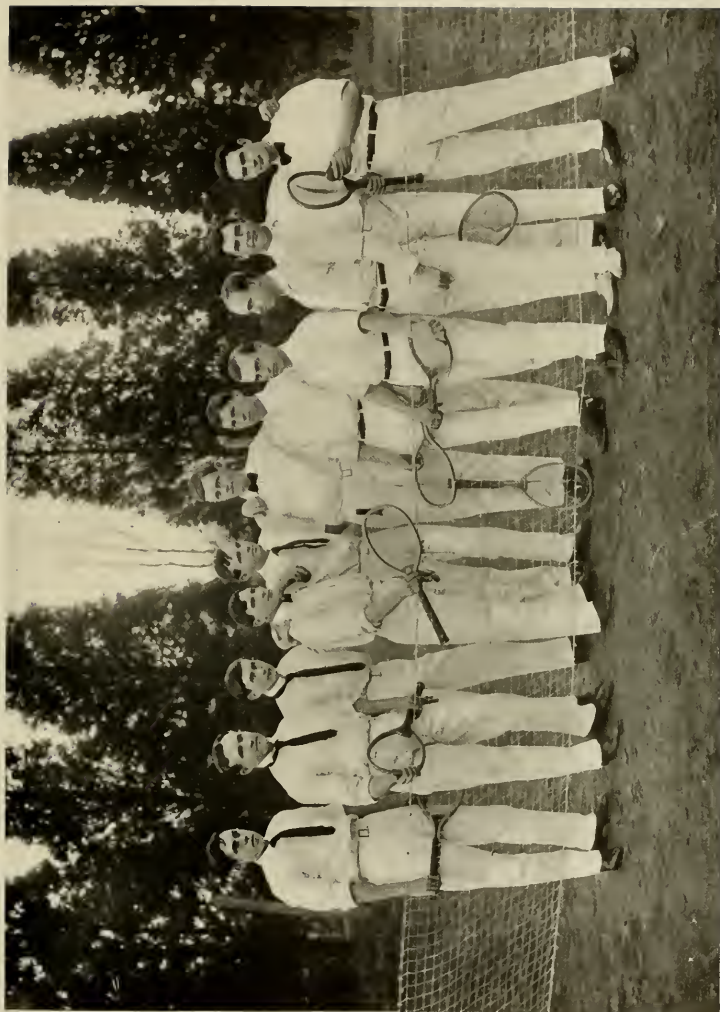
Tennis Club

OFFICERS

H. N. SUMNER	PRESIDENT
W. A. HORNADAY	VICE-PRESIDENT
L. L. HOOD	SECRETARY-TREASURER
J. W. BERGTHOLD	BUSINESS MANAGER

MEMBERS

W. X. SLOAN	W. C. PENNINGTON
J. F. ROBINSON	J. M. PARKER
P. L. GAINES	R. R. REINHARDT
R. A. SHOPE	R. F. JONES
L. HENDERSON	L. H. KIRBY
F. J. JONES	A. B. MASSEY
W. P. THURSTON	H. W. WELLES
P. A. WITHERSPOON	W. R. HAMPTON
J. I. EASON	R. W. HICKS



TENNIS CLUB



Wacker-rack-er, rack-er rae!
 Wacker-rack-er, rack-er rae!
 Carolina Polytech!
 Boom ra! Boom re,
 A. and M., N. C.

Boom, Rah Ree,
 Boom, Rah Ree,
 Tiger, Tiger, A. M. C!
 S—s—s Boom—Varsitay.

Razzle Dazzle! Hobbie Gobble!
 Sis! Boom! Bah!
 A. and M., A. and M.
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe,
 Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe,
 Where? Where? Where?
 In the neck, the neck, the neck,
 In the neck, the neck, the neck,
 There! There! There!

Hell-a-b-rump, b-rump-b-ree,
 Hell-a-b-rump, b-rump-b-ree,
 Wah Who, Wah Hee,
 Wah Who, Wah Hee,
 A. M. C! A. M. C! A. M. C!

Boom Rah, Boom Ree,
 Boom Rah, Boom Ree,
 Yah Hoo, Yah Hee,
 Yah Hoo, Yah Hee,
 Zit Yack, Caw Cack,
 Zit Yack, Caw Cack,
 Rah Ray, Rah Ray,
 Varsitay, Varsitay,
 A. & M., A. & M., A. & M.

“Beyond the Alps Lies Italy”

MANY a man has been almost forced into doing great and heroic deeds by the stirring addresses and personal magnetism of a single man. Many an army has been led to victory when defeat and annihilation stared them in the face by an address of the right kind from their general on the eve of battle. After the battle of Austerlitz, the great Napoleon led his army to victories complete and decisive by his stirring addresses, the most notable of which was the shortest, “Beyond the Alps lies Italy,” which was uttered just before the terrible march to Italy began. After the glorious victory of Marengo on the fourteenth of June, eighteen hundred, Napoleon wrote to the Directory at Paris: “Hannibal crossed the Alps, but we have turned them.”

Hannibal indeed crossed the Alps. When he began his memorable march from Spain to Italy, his army numbered fifty thousand. The winter season was far advanced, and the spirits of his men drooped lower and lower, as day by day they climbed higher. When, at last, the summit was reached and only twenty-five thousand men survived, the sight of the warm sun and hazy plains of Italy alone were enough to rouse their drooping spirits, but Hannibal stirred his men enthusiasm with these words: “Ye are standing on the Acropolis of Italy—yonder lies Rome.”

Under the skillful generalship of Hannibal, his tattered army won every battle in the Italian campaign, from the battles of the Trebia and Lake Trasymene to Cannæ, where eighty thousand distinguished Romans lay dead on the field—most of whom were slain by the fierce onslaught of Hannibal’s Numidian cavalry.

And so it is in the life of every man: “Beyond the Alps lies Italy.” In our darkest night there is always a bright dawn awaiting us if we only knew it and would look for it. The man who sits and holds his hands, bemoaning his fate, gets what he deserves. He who would succeed must be a man of action—ready to take advantage of every opportunity offered, and when no opportunities present themselves, he must create them for himself.

He who is a man in the best sense of the word never rejects an opportunity. Well do I remember the story I once translated while reading in Livy. It ran

thus: "A rich old Roman was sitting in his villa one evening and heard a knock at the door. The knock attracted his attention, but he did not move. Again he heard the knock without heeding. Then another knock, followed by the sound of retreating footsteps. Said the old Roman to his wife, 'I will see who knocks; he may bear a message of importance.' Quickly he opened the door and saw, in the dusk, a retreating figure. He called to the figure to come back, but the only answer he received was, 'I am Opportunity. Once rejected, I never return.'"

If men could only realize it, there are golden opportunities awaiting them in every walk of life and all they have to do is to grasp these opportunities and success is theirs. Many men look always for a leader. They are unable to direct their energies. They have no executive ability. The whole world looks up to the masters of men.

We have often heard men say, "I can't get any higher than I am now. My services are not appreciated; therefore I do not exert myself." These are the men who never succeed. To quote again Napoleon Bonaparte, "There is no such word as *impossible*. It is found only in the dictionary of fools." So it is. When a man has a definite object in view, he can accomplish it, if he will.

Everything is put into this world to fill some office and to do some good. At times this is hard to believe. Take, for instance, the blackest crime that a sin-stained criminal ever committed. The criminal is brought to justice and his life is required of him. The law doesn't require this man's life as a punishment. His life is taken, only to prevent other men from following in his steps.

All the great writers do the good it was intended they should do. Many a man has received his first stimulus that started him on the road to fame from reading some work of a great writer.

I know a boy who, after reading Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," reread the book, going over and over again the magnificent and thrilling description of the battle of Waterloo. This sublimest of descriptions filled him with an unquenchable desire to lead a military life—either by land or sea, for he also had a strong love for the water. He went to work, and, after long and careful preparation, stood a competitive examination for appointment to West Point, standing second out of a class of fifteen others. The man who stood first entered West Point and left the second best out. Next came a competitive examination for appointment to the Naval Academy. He stood first this time, but failed

on the entrance examinations. Still he kept on, and on the third round won his appointment on the competitive examination and entered the Academy. He was then midshipman in the U. S. Navy, with a glorious career open to him.

"It is always darkest just before day," and "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." During the Revolutionary War, Washington, that brave and invincible leader, found the fortunes of his struggling country at their lowest ebb, just before the capture of Trenton and surrender of Burgoyne, after which the dawn began to brighten, and the aid of France was enlisted in behalf of the hard-pressed patriots.

Every man has to serve his apprenticeship. No man can become a chief engineer, a senator, a general, admiral, or president, immediately upon the completion of his college or academic course.

The mightiest oak has its beginning in a tiny acorn. The great Napoleon first won recognition as a lieutenant of artillery, and even he, perhaps the greatest military genius that ever lived, found it advisable to "cross the Alps" and win several victories before causing himself to be elected First Consul, and when he was the First Consul of France, he won other victories before he finally set himself up as Emperor. And that great and noble general, Robert E. Lee, worked his way up from the lowest grade to the grade of colonel, taking a distinguished part in the Mexican War, and when the great Civil War broke out, although he was the chosen Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, he gave his sword to his State and was the central figure on his side.

Look at the beginning of the awful avalanche. A traveller starts up the side of a snow-capped mountain, hoping to say he has ascended higher than any other man. At last he reaches a point near the summit, and farther progress is impossible—a yawning chasm stretches its fathomless depths far below him. He has at last ascended higher than any other man. He has reached the limits of human possibility. Almost exhausted, he still has strength to raise his voice and give forth a mighty shout. The echo of his shout reverberates from peak to peak, starting a small, overhanging rift of soft, white snow. Down, down, goes the snow, rapidly becoming a huge ball and gathering everything in its path, until, when near the base of the mountain, that small rift of soft, white snow has become an awful avalanche, carrying death and destruction into the smiling valley below.

We are sometimes confronted by seemingly insurmountable obstacles, and

many of us give up in despair, but if we keep on, we shall at last view the warm plains of the Italy that lies beyond the Alps.

"Rome was not built in a day," neither can we expect to accomplish great things without long-continued and persistent effort. The "Italy" of some men is not material or earthly, and they have to look elsewhere for their reward.

Several years ago, while walking through the streets of Alexandria, Va., I saw a tall granite shaft on which was inscribed: "They died in the consecration of duty, faithfully performed." This shaft was dedicated to the gallant Confederate soldiers who fell upon the bloody battlefields of the Civil War. They died while attempting to cross their Alps, and their warm plains of Italy, their reward, was heaven.

Again, no man can expect to succeed in life who does not do his duty. The nobility of purpose that actuates a man to do his duty as God has given him the power to see the right, is one of the grandest things in life.

Sometimes our services are not appreciated, and the best of us are given to despair, but by persisting in doing our duty and by doing the best we can, we shall have our reward. All of us have our trials, and our sorrows, but we should remember always, no matter how often we fall, that "Beyond the Alps lies Italy."





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J. F. ROBINSON, '10.....	ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

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J. W. BARRETT, '09.....		
J. M. PARKER, '09.....		
S. H. McNEELY, '10.....	}	SCIENTIFIC
J. L. VON GLAHN.....		
W. F. R. JOHNSON, '09.....		ATHLETIC
A. P. RIGGS, '09.....		LOCAL
G. G. SIMPSON, '09.....		COMIC
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T. D. HARRIS,	CORRESPONDING SECRETARY
W. A. FAISON,	TREASURER
J. W. BERGTHOLD	GENERAL SECRETARY

Daily Roster

- 6:45 A. M.—Massey gets up and takes a run.
7:00 A. M.—Gray waiting at bathroom for water.
7:25 A. M.—"Shorty" Long gets to breakfast on time.
7:40 A. M.—Steve arrives to same.
8:00 A. M.—Commandant absent. No Senior Privates at Chapel.
1:20 P. M.—Foer's Restaurant. "Oliver at the Helm."
2:00 P. M.—Mass meeting of bone rollers. "Legs" rolls a "Sam."
4:10 P. M.—Commandant's "Track Team" assembles.
4:30 P. M.—It behooves the Commandant to fall down while drilling "A" Company.
5:00 P. M.—"Tick" Brothers runs into a Pool shark and wins about \$5.00.
5:15 P. M.—Freddie Jones makes twenty cents at the Gaiety.
5:30 P. M.—Toomer pays class dues.
5:55 P. M.—Unloading Bull Yearlings at Cattle Crossing.
6:00 P. M.—Café de Loftin! ! ?
7:00 P. M.—"Bill" Banks "gets together" to study.
7:15 P. M.—Mr. Oliver entertains his friends in 37.
7:30 P. M.—"Freddie" Jones seen on Fayetteville Street.
8:00 P. M.—Montagne calls on his lady love.
9:00 P. M.—Shope too busy to inspect. Rolling bones.
9:15 P. M.—"Bill" Banks still "getting together" to study.
9:30 P. M.—Cowles talking automobiles.
10:00 P. M.—"Legs" decides it's too late to study.
10:15 P. M.—Paul begs "Griz" to "put him in the game."
10:45 P. M.—Cowles still talking automobiles.
10:50 P. M.—"D. F." institutes a search warrant for "Dit."
11:00 P. M.—Electric lights out. Tate shines.
11:30 P. M.—"Uncle Happy" goes 'possum hunting.
11:45 P. M.—Robertson calls "*Foer*."
12:00 P. M.—Dr. Rudy's airship mysteriously reaches height of 90 feet.



LITERARY SOCIETIES



The Literary Societies

HISTORY: The history of the literary societies in the A. & M. College begins with the organization of the Pullen Literary Society on October 25, 1889. On that date thirty-five young men organized themselves into a society for practice in public speech, for experience in organization, and for practice in the procedure of deliberative bodies. Two other like societies were afterwards founded, the Tenerian Society and the Leazar Society, but in 1907 these two merged into one, under the name of the Leazar Literary Society. This was doubtless a wise step, for all the advantages of competition are present, without the disadvantage of multiplying organizations. With the growth of the College a third society may be necessary, but the thing to be desired now is active development of the existing bodies. Each of the two societies has now a membership of about fifty, and neither is in any danger of becoming unwieldy.

ORGANIZATION: Each society has a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, a critic or censor, and one or two minor officers. The only important permanent committee either society has is a programme committee, which selects debate questions and arranges the programmes. Special committees are appointed whenever there is need for them. Both the Leazar and the Pullen Societies are secret organizations.

LITERARY WORK: The programme of one of these societies includes as a rule a reading, a declamation, sometimes an essay, and regularly a debate. The debate is by far the most important part of the programme. The questions debated are usually of an economic nature, sometimes political, and rarely of a literary or historical character. The programme usually decides not only who shall debate but also which side one shall take, and discussion is limited to the debaters thus chosen. The usual rules of debate are followed.

The public events of the literary societies are an annual debate, an annual declamation contest, with two speakers from each society, and an oratorical contest, likewise annual. These contests are usually very creditable, and it is hoped that they will increase in importance with the growth of the College. There is a prospect also that the College will take part soon in some inter-collegiate debates or oratorical contests.

PROBLEMS: The chief difficulties which the societies have to meet are to

increase the number of members, to make attendance more regular, to increase the standard of preparation for debates or papers, and to elevate the standard of parliamentary knowledge and dignity. Another thing of great importance is to find better meeting places. The societies meet, at present, in recitation rooms, which are without the parliamentary furniture and necessarily without the things which might lend distinction to the homes of the societies. It is certain that regular places of meeting, properly furnished and decorated, would add prestige to both societies and stir up a wholesome pride and a more fruitful competition. The projected Y. M. C. A. Building, whenever it is built, will provide rooms for the societies. Meantime, they will have to worry along with the present temporary quarters.

The other problems will be gradually solved. The problem of increasing the membership depends on the increasing or decreasing prestige of the societies. Better places of meeting, increased society pride, better public contests, better prepared debates—all these will certainly mean a more businesslike administration of the societies, a more regular attendance, and a stronger desire for membership in one society or the other. To improve the character of the debates, the first thing will be an increased use of the library, and the second thing—a better organization and distribution of the arguments each side has to offer. So long as Affirmative Speaker Number Two repeats the arguments of his colleague, there will be vain repetition of what is clear, or feeble presentation of that which needs amplifying. Preparation must necessarily be made to a great extent by intelligent use of the books and magazines in the library. An improvement in the direction of greater dignity and smoothness will be made as soon as a group of men in each society become so familiar with parliamentary law as to snap up every violation of procedure or every delay of discussion or business.

The prospects of the societies are good in proportion as members remember the purposes which have brought them together. "Participation in the management of a society," says a recent writer, "develops acquaintance with the rules of discussion, tolerance of opponents, love of order, and readiness to abide by the will of the majority. Above all, it teaches people to rate the windbag, the ranter, or the sophist at his true worth, and to value the less showy qualities of the man of judgment and reason." The young men who have banded themselves together to emancipate themselves from narrowness, from fear of their own voices, from intellectual sloth, are doing a good thing for themselves and for the College.

Pullen Literary Society

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM		SECOND TERM
C. P. GRAY.....	PRESIDENT.....	W. S. DEAN
W. S. DEAN.....	VICE-PRESIDENT.....	C. W. HINSHAW
J. F. ROBINSON.....	SECRETARY.....	H. W. WELLES
R. L. MORRISON.....	TREASURER.....	F. T. PEDEN
J. O. SADLER.....	CRITIC.....	C. P. GRAY
B. S. CALDWELL.....	CENSOR.....	J. H. BROWN
L. D. MOODY.....	CHAPLAIN.....	T. D. HARRIS
M. S. MAYES.....	LIBRARIAN.....	O. M. SIGMON

ROLL

ARDERY, J. E.	KIRBY, L. H.	SADLER, J. O.
BLACK, F. M.	MAYES, M. S.	SADLER, C. C.
BRAY, J. B.	MORRISON, R. L.	STEPHENS, S. F.
BROWN, J. H.	MOODY, L. D.	SUMNER, H. N.
BOWDITCH, R.	MORGAN, R. L.	SPRINGS, J. L.
BRYAN, G. K.	NEALE, W. M.	SPENCER, S. A.
COSBY, J. C.	OWENS, C. W.	SIGMON, O. M.
DAVIDSON, J. F.	PEDEN, F. T.	SUGG, W. P.
DEAN, W. S.	POTTER, B. M.	SEIFERT, D. W.
FORBIS, R. E.	PARKER, J. M.	SMITH, J. M.
FOX, P. A.	ROLLINSON, J. M.	SPRULL, C. W.
GRAY, C. P.	ROBINSON, J. F.	THOMPSON, J. S.
HINSHAW, C. W.	RIGGS, A. P.	THURSTON, W. P.
HALL, C. G.	STEPHENS, N. B.	VALAER, C. J.
HALL, J. W.	SPEIRES, D. B.	WHITEHURST, J. S.
HOWELL, R. W.	SPEER, E. P.	WINSLOW, E. L.
HARRIS, T. D.		WELLES, H. W.

DR. GEORGE SUMMEY, HONORARY MEMBER



PULLEN LITERARY SOCIETY

Leazar Literary Society

OFFICERS

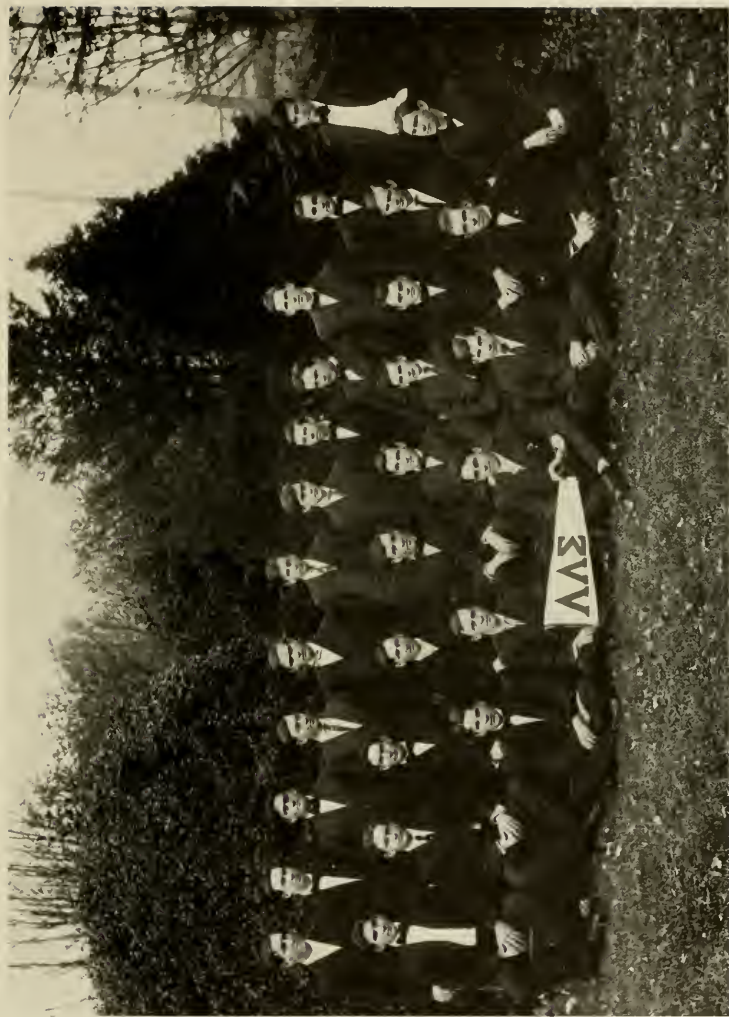
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G. R. ROSS.....	SECRETARY.....	J. M. BEAL
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J. E. LATHAM.....	CENSOR.....	F. J. JONES
J. K. GUNN.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.....	J. W. BUCHANAN

SECOND TERM

ROLL

BARBER, T. C.	HICKS, A. R.	PARKER, J. M.
BARRETT, J. W.	HEWLETT, R. P.	PENNINGTON, W. C.
BELL, C. E.	HIGGINS, B. B.	ROSS, G. R.
BEST, H. Q.	HINKLE, D. R.	SHOPE, R. A.
CLARK, T. M.	HORNADAY, W. A.	STANSEL, T. B.
EATON, W. H.	JOHNSTON, E.	SUMMERLIN, T. B.
ELLER, W. F.	LATHAM, J. E.	THORNE, T. W.
GILLETTE, G. W.	LYTCH, J. E.	THOMPSON, T. H.
GRAHAM, W. H.	McLENDON, L. P.	TILLEY, G. C.
GRAY, J. M.	McNEELY, S. H.	WADE, R. T.
GUNN, G. K.	MITCHNER, S. T.	WALTON, C. E.
HAYNES, E. A.		WHITTED, H. P.



LEAZAR LITERARY SOCIETY

Senior Debate

QUERY: *Resolved*, That our government is justified in ship subsidization.

Affirmative PULLEN †Negative LEAZAR

DEBATERS

J. S. STROUD.....	LEAZAR	J. L. BECTON.....	PULLEN
*J. D. GRADY.....	LEAZAR	M. HENDRICK.....	PULLEN
*Won medal.		†Won debate.	

OFFICERS

J. T. GARDNER.....	PRESIDENT
W. N. SLOAN.....	SECRETARY

MARSHALS

W. A. HORNADAY (Chief).....	LEAZAR
S. H. McNEELY.....	PULLEN
A. R. HICKS.....	LEAZAR
F. M. BLACK.....	PULLEN
R. L. MORRISON.....	PULLEN



DEBATEES AND MARSHALS



Orators

R. A. SHOPE.....	LEAZAR
B. T. FERGUSON.....	LEAZAR
C. P. GRAY.....	PULLEN
*W. S. DEAN.....	PULLEN

*Won medal.



Declamatory Contest

*L. P. McLENDON.....LEAZAR
S. H. McNEELY.....LEAZAR

S. F. STEPHENS.....PULLEN
H. N. SUMNER.....PULLEN

*Won medal.



COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS

J. D. ELLIOTT, '11, J. W. HARRISON, '09, S. F. STEPHENS, '09, O. M. SIGMON, '11,
L. P. McLENDON, '10, J. B. CRAVEN, '09, J. W. SEXTON, '10.



Mechanical Society

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

J. W. HARRELSON.....	PRESIDENT
W. A. FAISON.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
C. S. TATE.....	SECRETARY-TREASURER
R. J. WYATT.....	CENSOR

SECOND TERM

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L. HENDERSON
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MECHANICAL SOCIETY

Faraday Electrical Society

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E. B. MOORE	C. E. WALTON
S. L. OLIVER	H. W. WELLES

J. S. WILSON



FARADAY ELECTRICAL SOCIETY

Tompkins Textile Society

OFFICERS

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T. C. BARBER.....	SECRETARY	A. S. ARMFIELD.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
A. S. ARMFIELD.....	TREASURER	D. R. HINKLE.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

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C. G. HALL	G. F. MOORE
E. R. McCRACKEN	H. F. JONES
G. S. KILPATRICK	P. A. FOX

O. A. BARRINGER

HONORARY MEMBERS

PROF. THOMAS NELSON	MR. B. M. PARKER
MR. H. M. STEED	MR. J. E. HALSTEAD



TOMPKINS TEXTILE SOCIETY

The Bi-Ag Society

AT the suggestion of Dr. F. L. Stevens, a few members of the two upper classes met January 16, 1906, at his residence and formulated rules for the establishment of an Honor Agricultural Society. At this meeting the Society organization was not completed, but on January 23rd it was formally inaugurated, and its Constitution and By-Laws established.

Since the inauguration of the Society, its members have done excellent work in the field of advanced biological science. The membership is limited to ten, who are chosen from the Junior and Senior classes, and elected upon a basis of character, scholarship, and other attributes of a real man.

The purpose of the Society is to build men along lines of morality, sociability and scholarship, and to foster a spirit of original investigation among its members, who will some day be the leaders in the agricultural advancement of North Carolina.

The desire of the individual in the Bi-Ag Society is to be of personal aid to every other member, along the lines that he most needs assistance, thus raising up the standard of the Society, and with it that of the College and State.

It is to be hoped that every member will always be prompted by the desire to attain to this high and noble standard, and in the future, not far distant, it will be considered the highest honor in the College, by an agricultural student, to be chosen a member of the Bi-Ag Society.

MEMBERS

J. A. AREY, '09
J. W. BARRETT, '09
W. H. EATON, '09
B. B. HIGGINS, '09

L. A. HIGGINS, '10
W. A. HORNADAY, '09
J. E. LATHAM, '09
R. C. MASON, '09

L. P. McLENDON, '10



THE BETA ALPHA SOCIETY







Sigma Nu Fraternity

(Founded 1869)

CHAPTER ROLL

- Pi*—Lehigh University.
Beta Rho—University of Pennsylvania.
Beta Sigma—University of Vermont.
Gamma Delta—Stevens Institute.
Gamma Epsilon—La Fayette College.
Gamma Theta—Cornell University.
Gamma Psi—Syracuse University.
Delta Beta—Dartmouth College.
Delta Gamma—Columbia University.
Delta Delta—Pennsylvania State College.
Sigma—Vanderbilt University.
Gamma Iota—Kentucky State College.
Mu—University of Georgia.
Theta—University of Alabama.
Iota—Howard College.
Kappa—North Georgia Agricultural College.
Eta—Mercer University.
Xi—Emory College.
Beta Theta—Alabama Polytechnic Institute.
Gamma Alpha—Georgia School of Technology.
Epsilon—Bethany College.
Beta Beta—De Pauw University.
Beta Nu—Ohio State University.
Beta Zeta—Purdue University.
Beta Eta—University of Indiana.
Beta Iota—Mount Union College.
Beta Epsilon—Rose Polytechnic Institute.
Gamma Pi—University of West Virginia.
Delta Alpha—Case School of Applied Science.
Gamma Beta—Northwestern University.
Gamma Gamma—Albion College.
Gamma Lambda—University of Wisconsin.
Gamma Mu—University of Illinois.
Gamma Nu—University of Michigan.
Gamma Rho—University of Chicago.
Delta Theta—Lombard University.
Beta Mu—State University of Iowa.
Gamma Sigma—Iowa State College.
Gamma Tau—University of Minnesota.
Chi—Cornell College.
Nu—Kansas State University.
Rho—Missouri State University.
Beta Xi—William Jewell College.
Gamma Yi—Missouri State School of Mines.
Gamma Omicron—Washington University.
Delta Epsilon—Oklahoma University.
Upsilon—University of Texas.
Phi—Louisiana State University.
Beta Phi—Tulane University.
Gamma Epsilon—University of Arkansas.
Gamma Eta—Colorado State School of Mines.
Gamma Kappa—University of Colorado.
Gamma Chi—University of Washington.
Gamma Zeta—University of Oregon.
Gamma Phi—University of Montana.
Beta Chi—Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
Beta Psi—University of California.
Beta—University of Virginia.
Lambda—Washington and Lee University.
Psi—University of North Carolina.
Delta Zeta—Western Reserve University.
Beta Tau—N. C. A. and M. College.

Beta Tau Chapter of Sigma Nu

(Established 1895)

PUBLICATION: The Delta
COLORS: Black, White, and Old Gold

FRATRES IN URBE

DR. JOEL D. WHITAKER
VICTOR BOYDEN
WM. B. JONES
WALTER CLARK, JR.
JAMES McKIMMON
MURRAY ALLEN
DR. RUSSELL G. SHERRILL
JOHN LIGHTFOOT MORSON
CHARLES EDWARD LATTA
WILLIAM BOYLAN
G. M. McNIDER

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GORDON HARRIS

CLASS OF 1910

ISAAC NORRIS TULL
EDWARD LEIGH WINSLOW
EDMUND BURKE HAYWOOD
ALBERT ROLAND HICKS
RUFUS WILLIAM HICKS
EUGENE LEE

CLASS OF 1911

CHARLES McKIMMON

CLASS OF 1912

JAMES MURPHY HINES
FRANK WARREN BROWN
ROBERT GRIFFIN STEPHENS
ARTHUR McKIMMON
THOMAS JONES HOSKINS, JR.
CHARLES CARROLL BOST, JR.



Sigma Nu Alumni Chapters

Birmingham, Ala.	St. Louis, Mo.
Montgomery, Ala.	New York City.
Pine Bluff, Ark.	Charlotte, N. C.
Little Rock, Ark.	Raleigh, N. C.
San Francisco, Cal.	Salisbury, N. C.
Denver, Col.	Wilmington, N. C.
District of Columbia.	Canton, Ohio.
Atlanta, Ga.	Columbus, Ohio.
Chicago, Ill.	Cleveland, Ohio.
Indianapolis, Ind.	Toledo, Ohio.
Davenport, Iowa.	Portland, Ore.
Des Moines, Iowa.	Pittsburg, Pa.
Louisville, Ky.	Nashville, Tenn.
Shelbyville, Ky.	Dallas, Tex.
Baton Rouge, La.	Seattle, Wash.
Boston, Mass.	Wheeling, W. Va.
Detroit, Mich.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Kansas City, Mo.	Pueblo, Col.
Columbia, Mo.	Minneapolis, Minn.



Kappa Alpha Fraternity

(Founded 1865)

CHAPTER ROLL

Alpha—Washington and Lee University.
Gamma—University of Georgia.
Delta—Wofford College.
Epsilon—Emory College.
Zeta—Randolph-Macon College.
Eta—Richmond College.
Theta—Kentucky State College.
Kappa—Mercer University.
Lambda—University of Virginia.
Nu—Alabama Polytechnic Institute.
Xi—Southwestern University.
Omicron—University of Texas.
Pi—University of Tennessee.
Sigma—Davidson College.
Upsilon—University of North Carolina.
Phi—Southern University.
Chi—Vanderbilt University.
Psi—Tulane University.
Omega—Central University of Kentucky.
Alpha Alpha—University of the South.
Alpha Beta—University of Alabama.
Alpha Gamma—Louisiana State University.
Alpha Delta—William Jewell College.
Alpha Zeta—William and Mary College.
Alpha Eta—Westminster College.
Alpha Theta—Kentucky University.
Alpha Kappa—University of Missouri.
Alpha Lambda—Johns Hopkins University.
Alpha Mu—Millsaps College.
Alpha Nu—The George Washington University.
Alpha Xi—University of California.
Alpha Omicron—University of Arkansas.
Alpha Pi—Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
Alpha Rho—West Virginia University.
Alpha Sigma—Georgia School of Technology.
Alpha Tau—Hamden-Sidney College.
Alpha Upsilon—University of Mississippi.
Alpha Phi—Trinity College.
Alpha Chi—Kentucky Wesleyan University.
Alpha Omega—N. C. A. and M. College.
Beta Alpha—Missouri School of Mines.
Beta Beta—Bethany College, Bethany.
Beta Gamma—College of Charleston.
Beta Delta—Georgetown College.
Beta Epsilon—Delaware College.
Beta Zeta—University of Florida.
Beta Eta—University of Oklahoma.
Beta Theta—Washington University.
Beta Iota—Drury College.

Alpha Omega Chapter of Kappa Alpha

(Installed 1903)

PUBLICATION: Kappa Alpha Journal

COLORS: Crimson and Old Gold

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

W. C. RIDDICK

T. P. HARRISON

FRATRES IN URBE

H. A. ROYSTER

J. S. MANN

W. W. VASS

G. M. HUNTER

W. C. TYREE

S. F. TELFAIR

R. S. McGEACHY

GRANGE ASHE

CHARLES McDONALD

E. C. SMITH

L. M. SMITH

J. V. PERKINS

R. C. HOWISON

C. D. HARRIS

J. M. PICKEL

G. A. SMITH

LOUIS WEST

J. L. PRIMROSE

UNDERGRADUATES

CLASS OF 1909

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ALBERT S. GOSS

WILLIAM F. R. JOHNSON

ALFRED P. RIGGS

SAMUEL F. STEPHENS

ROSCOE L. FOX

CHARLES P. GRAY

RALPH LONG

GEORGE G. SIMPSON

FRANK M. THOMPSON

CLASS OF 1911

RUFUS T. BOVLAN

ROBT. W. POWELL

JOHN L. SCOTT

CLASS OF 1912

P. A. FOX

IVY G. RIDDICK

CHARLES B. NEWCOMB

T. B. COOPER



Kappa Alpha Alumni Chapters

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Anniston, Ala.	Louisville, Ky.
Asheville, N. C.	Macon, Ga.
Atlanta, Ga.	Memphis, Tenn.
Augusta, Ga.	Mobile, Ala.
Baltimore, Md.	Montgomery, Ala.
Baton Rouge, La.	Muskogee, Ind. Ty.
Boston, Mass.	Nashville, Tenn.
Canal Zone.	Natchitoches, La.
Charlotte, N. C.	New Orleans, La.
Charleston, S. C.	New York City.
Charleston, W. Va.	Norfolk, Va.
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Oklahoma City, Okla.
Centreville, Miss.	Petersburg, Va.
Columbus, Ga.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Dallas, Tex.	Pittsburg, Pa.
Franklin, La.	Raleigh, N. C.
Griffin, Ga.	Richmond, Va.
Hampton, Va.	San Francisco, Cal.
Hattiesburg, Miss.	Selma, Ala.
Houston, Tex.	Savannah, Ga.
Huntington, W. Va.	Shreveport, La.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Spartanburg, S. C.
Jackson, Miss.	St. Louis, Mo.
Jonesboro, Ark.	Staunton, Va.
Kansas City, Mo.	Tallahassee, Fla.
Knoxville, Tenn.	Talladega, Ala.
Lexington, Ky.	Tampa, Fla.
Little Rock, Ark.	Thomasville, Ga.
Wilmington, N. C.	Washington, D. C.

STATE ASSOCIATIONS

Alabama.	Louisiana.
Arkansas.	Missouri.
Georgia.	North Carolina.
Kentucky.	Oklahoma.
	Virginia.



Kappa Sigma Fraternity

(Founded at the University of Bologna, in 1400)
(Established in America, at the University of Virginia, December, 1867)

CHAPTER ROLL

- Psi*—University of Maine.
Alpha Rho—Bowdoin College.
Beta Kappa—New Hampshire College.
Gamma Epsilon—Dartmouth College.
Alpha Lambda—University of Vermont.
Gamma Delta—Massachusetts State College.
Gamma Eta—Harvard University.
Beta Alpha—Brown University.
Alpha Kappa—Cornell University.
Gamma Zeta—New York University.
Gamma Iota—Syracuse University.
Pi—Swarthmore College.
Alpha Delta—Pennsylvania State College.
Alpha Epsilon—University of Pennsylvania.
Alpha Phi—Bucknell University.
Beta Iota—Lehigh University.
Beta Pi—Dickinson College.
Alpha Alpha—University of Maryland.
Alpha Eta—George Washington University.
Zeta—University of Virginia.
Eta—Randolph-Macon College.
Mu—Washington and Lee University.
Nu—William and Mary College.
Upsilon—Hampden-Sidney College.
Beta Beta—Richmond College.
Delta—Davidson College.
Eta Primæ—Trinity College.
Alpha Mu—University of North Carolina.
Beta Upsilon—North Carolina A. and M. College.
Alpha Nu—Wofford College.
Alpha Beta—Mercer University.
Alpha Tau—Georgia School of Technology.
Beta Lambda—University of Georgia.
Beta—University of Alabama.
Beta Eta—Alabama Polytechnic Institute.
Theta—Cumberland University.
Kappa—Vanderbilt University.
Lambda—University of Tennessee.
Phi—Southwestern Presbyterian University.
Omega—University of the South.
Alpha Theta—Southwestern Baptist University.
Alpha Sigma—Ohio State University.
Beta Phi—Case School of Applied Science.
Beta Delta—Washington and Jefferson College.
Beta Nu—Kentucky State College.
Alpha Zeta—University of Michigan.
Chi—Purdue University.
Alpha Pi—Wabash College.
Beta Theta—University of Indiana.
Alpha Gamma—University of Illinois.
Alpha Chi—Lake Forest University.
Gamma Beta—University of Chicago.
Beta Epsilon—University of Wisconsin.
Beta Mu—University of Minnesota.
Beta Rho—University of Iowa.
Alpha Psi—University of Nebraska.
Alpha Omega—William Jewell College.
Beta Gamma—University of Missouri.
Beta Sigma—Washington University.
Beta Chi—Missouri School of Mines.
Beta Tau—Baker University.
Xi—University of Arkansas.
Gamma Kappa—University of Oklahoma.
Alpha Upsilon—Millsaps College.
Gamma—Louisiana State University.
Sigma—Tulane University.
Iota—Southwestern University.
Tau—University of Texas.
Beta Omicron—University of Denver.
Beta Omega—Colorado College.
Gamma Gamma—Colorado School of Mines.
Beta Zeta—Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
Beta Xi—University of California.
Beta Psi—University of Washington.
Gamma Alpha—University of Oregon.
Gamma Theta—University of Idaho.

Beta Upsilon Chapter of Kappa Sigma

(Installed February 23, 1903)

FRATER IN FACULTATE

C. L. MANN

FRATRES IN URBE

DR. T. X. IVEY

H. E. NORRIS

ROBERT A. BROWN

H. L. SMITH

JAMES A. HIGGS, JR.

P. D. GOLD

ALEC. GREEN

PAUL N. PITTINGER

D. M. FAISON

E. E. CULBRETH

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CLASS OF 1909

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WILLIAM A. FAISON

BENJAMIN F. MONTAGUE

CLASS OF 1910

JOHN M. COUNCIL

EDWARD H. SMITH

WILLIAM L. MANNING

LENON P. McLENDON

CLASS OF 1911

ROBERT L. MORRISON

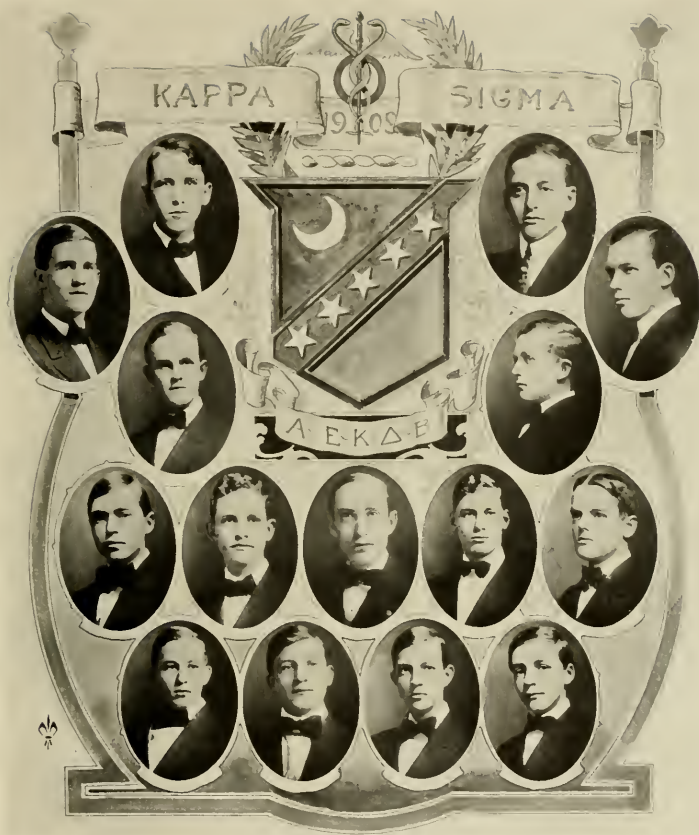
SIDNEY McDONALD

FREDERICK G. TUCKER

JAMES M. SHERMAN

CLASS OF 1912

CULVER M. TAYLOR



Kappa Sigma Alumni Chapters

Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Ithaca, N. Y.
New York City.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Scranton, Pa.
Danville, Va.
Lynchburg, Va.
Newport News, Va.
Norfolk, Va.
Richmond, Va.
Washington, D. C.
Concord, N. C.
Durham, N. C.
Winston, N. C.
Wilmington, N. C.
Atlanta, Ga.
Birmingham, Ala.
Mobile, Ala.
Montgomery, Ala.
Savannah, Ga.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Covington, Tenn.
Jackson, Tenn.
Memphis, Tenn.

Portland, Ore.

Seattle, Wash.
Nashville, Tenn.
Columbus, Ohio.
Louisville, Ky.
Pittsburg, Pa.
Chicago, Ill.
Danville, Ill.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Fort Smith, Ark.
Kansas City, Mo.
Little Rock, Ark.
Pine Bluff, Ark.
St. Louis, Mo.
Jackson, Miss.
New Orleans, La.
Ruston, La.
Texarkana, Texas-Ark.
Vicksburg, Miss.
Waco, Texas.
Vazoo City, Miss.
Denver, Col.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Los Angeles, Cal.
San Francisco, Cal.



ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗ ΚΟΜΜΟΥΝΙΣΤΙΚΗ ΠΑΡΤΙΔΑ

Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity

(Founded 1868)

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

Alpha—University of Virginia.
Beta—Davidson College.
Gamma—William and Mary College.
Delta—Southern University.
Zeta—University of Tennessee.
Eta—Tulane University.
Theta—Southwestern Presbyterian University.
Iota—Hampden-Sidney College.
Kappa—Transylvania University.
Mu—Presbyterian College.
Omicron—Richmond College.
Pi—Washington and Lee University.
Rho—Cumberland University.
Tau—University of North Carolina.
Upsilon—Alabama Polytechnic Institute.
Phi—Roanoke College.
Chi—University of the South.
Psi—Georgia Agricultural College.
Omega—State University.
Alpha Alpha—Trinity College.
Alpha Gamma—Louisiana State University.
Alpha Delta—Georgia School of Technology.
Alpha Epsilon—North Carolina A. & M. College.
Alpha Zeta—University of Arkansas.
Alpha Eta—University of State of Florida.
Alpha Theta—West Virginia University.
Alpha Iota—Millsaps College.
Alpha Kappa—Missouri School of Mines.
Alpha Lambda—Georgetown College.
Alpha Mu—University of Georgia.

Alpha Epsilon Chapter of Psi Kappa Alpha

(Installed 1904)

PUBLICATION: Shield and Diamond
COLORS: Garnet and Gold

FRATER IN FACULTATE

JOHN A. PARK

FRATRES IN URBE

A. W. KNOX, M. D.
FRANKLIN McNEIL
ALBERT E. SCOTT
JULIAN G. FRASIER
J. A. POWELL
L. OT. JONES

UNDERGRADUATES

CLASS OF 1909

D. H. HILL, JR.
W. R. MARSHALL

CLASS OF 1910

T. K. BRUNER
J. L. SPRINGS

CLASS OF 1911

J. M. BRADFIELD
C. A. STEDMAN
JOHN KNOX

CLASS OF 1912

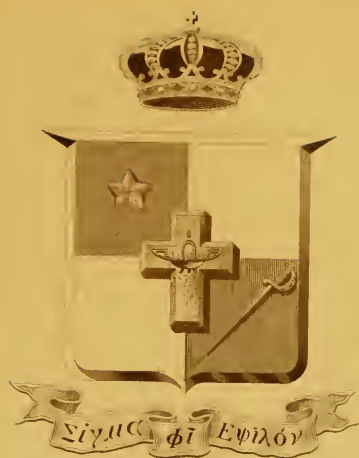
W. E. BLAIR
R. BENCENT
A. WAKEFIELD
W. A. HOLDING



PI KAPPA ALPHA

Πi Kappa Alpha Alumni Chapters

- Alumnus Alpha*—Richmond, Va.
Alumnus Beta—Memphis, Tenn.
Alumnus Gamma—White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
Alumnus Delta—Charleston, S. C.
Alumnus Epsilon—Norfolk, Va.
Alumnus Zeta—Dillon, S. C.
Alumnus Eta—New Orleans, La.
Alumnus Theta—Dallas, Tex.
Alumnus Iota—Knoxville, Tenn.
Alumnus Kappa—Charlottesville, Va.
Alumnus Lambda—Opelika, Ala.
Alumnus Mu—Fort Smith, Ark.
Alumnus Nu—Birmingham, Ala.
Alumnus Xi—Lynchburg, Va.
Alumnus Omicron—Spartanburg, S. C.
Alumnus Pi—Gainesville, Ga.
Alumnus Rho—Lexington, Ky.
Alumnus Sigma—Raleigh, N. C.
Alumnus Tau—Salisbury, N. C.
Alumnus Upsilon—Charlotte, N. C.



Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity

(Founded at Richmond College, November, 1902)

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

Alpha—Richmond College.
West Virginia Beta—Morgantown, W. Va.
Pennsylvania Beta—Philadelphia, Pa.
Pennsylvania Gamma—Pittsburg, Pa.
Illinois Alpha—Chicago, Ill.
Colorado Alpha—Boulder, Colo.
Pennsylvania Delta—Philadelphia, Pa.
Virginia Delta—Williamsburg, Va.
North Carolina Beta—West Raleigh, N. C.
Ohio Alpha—Ada, Ohio.
Indiana Alpha—West LaFayette, Ind.
New York Alpha—Syracuse, N. Y.
Virginia Epsilon—Lexington, Va.
Virginia Zeta—Ashland, Va.
Georgia Alpha—Atlanta, Ga.
Delaware Alpha—Newark, Del.
Virginia Eta—Charlottesville, Va.
Arkansas Alpha—Fayetteville, Ark.
Pennsylvania Epsilon—South Bethlehem, Pa.
Virginia Theta—Lexington, Va.
Ohio Gamma—Columbus, Ohio.
Vermont Alpha—Northfield, Vt.
Alabama Alpha—Auburn, Ma.

North Carolina Beta Chapter of Sigma Phi Epsilon

(Installed June 5th, 1905)

PUBLICATION: Sigma Phi Epsilon Journal

COLORS: Purple and Red

UNDERGRADUATES

CLASS OF 1909

WILLIAM ROY HAMPTON

SAM M. MALLISON

CLASS OF 1910

JOE BAXTER PARKS

THOMAS T. DAWSON

ALFRED S. ARMFIELD

ROBERT FRANK JONES

CLASS OF 1911

A. S. BLOUNT

HARVEY DEERWOOD ABERNATHY

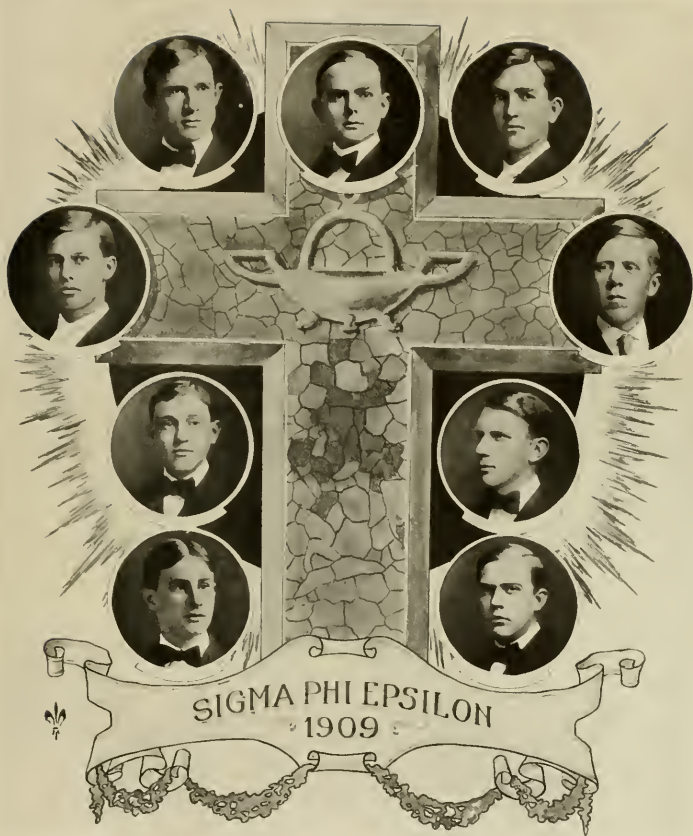
CLASS OF 1912

ROBERT W. SMALL

W. HUNTER BINGHAM

W. W. HARTNESS

CECIL R. COBB



Sigma Phi Epsilon Alumni Chapters

Norfolk, Va.
Greenville, N. C.
Greensboro, N. C.
Chicago, Ill.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Richmond, Va.
Lexington, Va.



Alpha Zeta Fraternity

CHAPTER ROLL

Townsend—Columbus, Ohio.
Morrill—State College, Pennsylvania.
Cornell—Ithaca, New York.
Kedzie—Agricultural College, Michigan.
Granite—Durham, New Hampshire.
Morrow—Urbana, Illinois.
Nebraska—Station A, Lincoln, Nebraska.
Massey—West Raleigh, North Carolina.
La Grange—St. Anthony Park, Minnesota.
Green Mountain—Burlington, Vermont.
Wilson—Ames, Iowa.
Babcock—Madison, Wisconsin.
Centennial—Fort Collins, Colorado.
Maine—Orono, Maine.

Bassey Chapter of Alpha Zeta

(Established at North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College, 1903)

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

C. L. NEWMAN
JOHN MICHELS
G. A. ROBERTS
P. L. GAINES

UNDERGRADUATES

CLASS OF 1909

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F. L. FOARD
A. H. GREEN
R. LONG
W. A. HORNADAY
R. C. MASON
R. R. REINHARDT

CLASS OF 1910

J. L. DUNN
L. P. MCLENDON
F. N. McDOWELL
H. MOTT

CLASS OF 1911

J. M. BEAL
R. T. BOYLAN
J. P. QUINERLY



ALPHA ZETA

Civil Engineering Seniors

W. H. BANCK	B. F. MONTAGUE
C. D. BROTHERS	J. M. PARKER
T. M. CLARK	P. P. PIERCE
F. A. DUKE	A. P. RIGGS
L. P. GATTIS	J. O. SADLER
C. P. GRAY	R. A. SHOPE
A. S. GOSS	W. N. SLOAN
T. F. HAYWOOD	H. S. STEELE
W. F. R. JOHNSON	S. F. STEPHENS
F. J. JONES	H. N. SUMNER
S. M. MALLISON	J. S. WHITEHURST
P. A. WITHERSPOON	



CIVIL ENGINEERING SENIORS



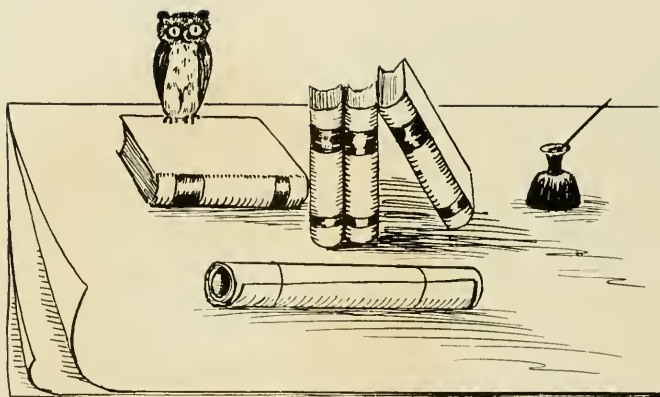
Our Favorites

Motor Cars—W. M. Cowles.
 Electrical Machinery—W. A. Faison.
 Cotton Mill Engineering—J. W. Harrison.
 Heating and Ventilation—L. Henderson.
 Automatic Engines—J. W. Ivey.
 Nuts and Belts—W. R. Marshall.
 Indicator—W. F. Morris.
 Carbide Manufacturing—J. M. Price.
 Arc Lamps—P. M. Pitts.
 Lumber Mills—C. S. Tate.
SENIORS, that's R. J. Wyatt.



Electrical Engineering Seniors

H. C. WALTER, ACTING PROFESSOR	
J. F. DAVIDSON	J. H. ROBERTSON
S. L. OLIVER	M. H. TERRELL
J. G. PASCHAL	J. S. WILSON
GORDON HARRIS	





Textile Seniors

W. S. DEAN
C. O. DOUGHERTY
R. L. FOX

W. M. MILLNER
G. G. SIMPSON
F. M. THOMPSON

Chemical Seniors

J. B. CRAVEN

D. H. HILL, JR.

W. R. HAMPTON

F. W. SHERWOOD

J. E. TOOMER



CHEMICAL SENIORS

Country Gentlemen

Motto: Three drinks—and the world is mine.
 Favorite Drink: Pure stuff.
 Flower: Dog's fennel.
 Colors: Gourd green and felder brown.
 Place of Meeting: Cross-roads grocery.
 Time of Meeting: Any old time.
 Favorite Dish: Possum, horevake and 'taters.
 Songs: "Comin' Through the Rye," "Little Brown Jug," and "Old Black Joe."

HONORARY MEMBERS

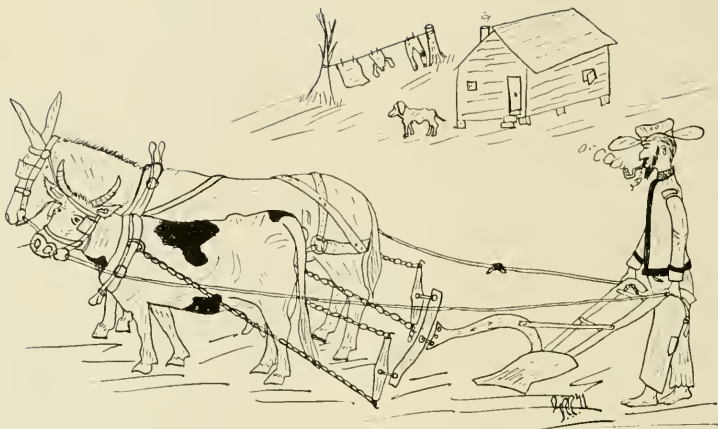
HILDA, AGE, 8 YEARS

JIMMIE, AGE, 4 YEARS

MEMBERS	POLITICS	DISTINGUISHED FOR	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	AMBITION
"BUCK" AREY	Third Party	Modesty	Got 'em skinned!	Successful farmer
"FUNGUS" BARRETT	Fusionist	Oratory	Dog gone it!	To get "Ads"
"BONES" EATON	Prohibitionist	Sobriety	By George!	To win a farm
"SQUIRE" FOARD	Turnout	Quoting poetry	That's me!	To get a job
"EZRA" GREEN	On the Fence	Being smart	By gabs, who's doing this?	To be handsome
"B'NCOMBE" HUGGINS	Bothead	Tardiness	Dad gun it!	To sleep
"HANS" HORNADAY	Radical	Military bearing	Look here, how does this strike you?	To get a note
"JIMMIE" LATHAM	Populist	Punctuality	Loosen up!	To be quick doctor
"HILLET" LONG	Anti-Prohibitionist	Superior wisdom	Now we are on!	To get a sheepskin
"TIGHTS" MASON	White Supremacy	His ability	Let's settle up!	To have a family
"CLABOD" MASSEY	High Tariff	Good understanding	Not expressed!	To be alone
"DICKIE" REINHARDT	Free Silver	Dancing	By golly, don't you reckon I know?	To visit the ladies
"MRS. RAILROAD" FAISON	Woman Suffrag	Fluffing	I don't care, neither do I give a d—	To flirt



COUNTRY GENTLEMEN



Poem

To dig up Greek and Latin roots,
We do not come to College,
But of the earth and all its fruits,
To get a store of knowledge.

Our thoughts to beets do mostly turn,
To cabbage and tomatoes;
We want the cheapest way to learn
Of raising big potatoes.

And when we've found out how to grow
Those rich and luscious pumpkins,
We'll take our sheepskins home with us;
And shine among the bumpkins.

His Inspiration

ANOTHER musical genius, fresh from a triumphant tour of the European capitals, was to play for the first time to an audience of his fellow-countrymen, and the great metropolitan theatre was crowded to its capacity. It was the musical event of the season, and fashionable New York came in force. Though the name of Earle Guilford was a comparatively strange one to American ears, rumors of his success in Europe had traveled ahead of him, and the large audience waited impatiently for his appearance on the stage.

Finally a bell tinkled, and to the slow music of the orchestra the curtain arose. A man of medium height, with clean-shaven face, surmounted by wavy brown hair, stepped forward. It was rather a charming sight at which he looked: the decorated walls of the auditorium, the picturesque embossing of the ceiling, the soft lights shining upon men in evening suits and women in beautiful gowns and flashing jewels, all made up a picture far lovelier than any of the many European audiences before whom he had played. He took it all in at a glance, but, even as he looked, a sigh of disappointment seemed to go up from the audience and the noisy talk, which had momentarily subsided as the curtain went up, broke out afresh.

As if unconscious of this, the player lifted a violin to his chin and gently drew the bow across its strings. As the first notes of the sweet melody floated out to the audience, everything became hushed. All leaned forward to listen with almost a breathless expectancy. Slowly the bow was drawn back and forth, and the strings responded with a melody, such as none there had ever heard before. There came a gentle, rippling murmur of running water, the soft sigh of the wind among the trees, the sweet chirping of many birds. Then slowly, almost imperceptibly, the music changed. The water dashed along faster, breaking in clashing waves; the songs of the birds ceased; the wind rose from a soft sigh to a shrill whistle; the pattering drops of falling rain could be heard; the trees began to shake and bend against each other with the increasing wind; the rain drops grew into a continuous downpour; the heavy rumbling of distant thunder echoed and re-echoed. Then gradually the storm passed; the howling wind sank again to a soft murmur among the trees; the rain ceased. Then, as again

the songs of the birds broke out, the vast audience burst into a perfect furor of applause.

As if unconscious of the deep impression he had made upon those who heard him, the player did not stop, but changed his theme. This time the very spirit of loneliness and desolation seemed to be crying out from the violin. Wilder, more desolate, grew the air, then suddenly changed to wail of the utterly heartbroken; and unutterable sorrow and deep sobs of anguish flowed from the almost living strings of the violin. Here and there through the audience women sobbed convulsively, and many an eye was brighter by reason of the fast-gathering tears.

Then for a moment the player rested, and the house rang with the tremendous applause of the pleased throng. The player was looking straight forward into the sea of faces before him, but he neither heard nor saw any of them. The fair faces of the women, their flashing jewels, the wealth of color in their costumes, the approving faces of the men, the magnitude of the ovation given him—none made an impression upon him. For a moment he was far away in a Southern town. The fragrance of violets was wafted to him and he was looking into the smiling face of the girl he loved—a fair face with dimpling cheeks and laughing gray eyes. And, as the picture came to him, he lifted the violin again and began playing to her. The vast audience was blotted out, and he was alone with the choice of his heart, pouring out to her the deep love of his soul, the passionate longing of the years of separation, the exquisite joy of the reunion, and ending with a magnificent burst of love and joy.

Again, from the great audience, which had listened almost breathlessly, came loud appreciative applause. But, heedless of all, Guilford turned and left the stage. Some unaccountable presentiment of sorrow was pressing upon him, weighing him down. From the audience came demand after demand for an encore, but he was deaf to it all. Another took his place upon the stage, to continue the program, but the audience scarcely listened. All were talking of the great violinist and praising the wonderful beauty of his playing.

But he, the hero of the hour, was hurrying away. He wanted to be alone—to think of the girl whose face had come to him as he had played. As he started across the sidewalk from the theater door to his waiting carriage, a messenger boy intercepted him with a yellow envelope. Hastily tearing it open, he read:

"Come at once. Erna is very sick."

For a second the fair face of the girl floated before him, this time with a beseeching look in the soft, gray eyes. Hurriedly scratching an answer for the waiting messenger, Guilford rushed back into the theater, in search of the manager. A stormy interview with that personage followed, but despite all protest, future engagements were cancelled, and the southbound midnight train carried Earle Guilford, the violinist who had captured New York by storm, away from his success in the very hour of his triumph, hurrying him toward the girl in the South who meant more to him than the praise and adoration of the great city's thousands.

The sun was nearly setting the next afternoon, as Guilford entered the room of the girl of his heart. The fair face which had lingered in his memory was fairer still, as he saw it this time, the first in four long years. The roses which had bloomed in her cheeks were gone, and they were very pale. The spasmodic rise and fall of her bosom showed the difficulty with which she breathed, and the lips often parted with a dry, little cough. But the deep gray eyes were deeper, more peaceful than ever, and it was only these, into which the lovelight flashed, that Guilford saw as he went forward.

"Earle—I'm so glad—so glad—you have come. I've waited—oh, so long." A fit of coughing stopped her, and she could only look at him with her beautiful, gray eyes.

He knelt at the bedside and gently placed an arm about her, as if to ward off all danger.

"But now I've come, dear, you must get well. I can't get on without you, little girl," he murmured.

"Yes, I know, Earle—and I'm going—to get well, I think." Another fit of coughing shook her, and the nurse stepped forward and motioned Guilford to go. But Erna caught his hand and shook her head.

"Stay," she whispered.

Her cheeks were flushed now, and the eyes were brighter than ever. A smile of happiness hovered around the curved lips and lent its radiance to her face. Her arms were fixed on the man who knelt with a protecting arm around her.

"Dear"—the voice was clearer and stronger this time—"I think—maybe—I can't stay, after all. But I am very happy. You'll remember, won't you, Earle, that I love you—with my whole heart—but, I don't believe, even for you, I can stay."

A band of steel seemed to be slowly contracting around Guilford's heart. Suppose, after all, she couldn't stay!

"O my life, you must," he hoarsely murmured.

The face on the pillow was still more flushed now, and the gray eyes had grown wondrously bright.

"Kiss me, dear, once more," she murmured softly.

He bent and touched her fevered lips with his own. But the heart within him was crying out at the cruelty of a fate that would rob him of such a treasure. As he raised his head, a last ray of the setting sun came through the shuttered western window and fell with soft, tender radiance on her face, lighting it up with a wonderful beauty.

"Dear—good-bye." The whisper floated up to him. There was a faint sigh—and the pure spirit had gone.

.
The next few days were almost a blank to Guilford. There only remained to him the memory of many sorrowing faces and a big bank of violets. He went as one in a dream. Marked copies of papers and letters and telegrams poured in upon him, but all were unnoticed. All was forgotten save those last precious moments with his beloved. The days slipped by and grew into weeks, still no awakening came to him. Christmas was drawing near, and there came a magnificent offer for just one selection at a Christmas concert in the great city of the North. Guilford read it, but that was all. It made no impression whatever upon him. The great public awaiting him, the great success he had achieved, the bright future ahead of him, all were as nothing.

Finally, Christmas Eve came. The snow was falling swiftly, wrapping all nature in a white shroud. Before a blazing oak fire, all alone, sat Guilford, gazing pensively into the depths of the leaping flames. And, pictured there, was the face of Erma. Always her face was before him, but that night it was different—no longer the face of her whom he had held in his arms at the last, but the face which had come to him as he had played that night in the great theater—ages ago, it seemed to him. And, as he looked upon the vision, the thought came to him that again he would play to her, even as he had done before. He took his violin—untouched since that memorable evening—and softly, almost reverently, began a love-song that had so often pleased her in the old days before he was great, before he had gone abroad to study. The visionary face seemed to smile an approval as he played, and he drifted on to

other pieces which both had loved. And then, gradually he began to play selections from the world's great masters of music. And, as he played, the room gradually darkened; the lights became softer, almost indistinct; shadowy forms gathered around him, which slowly assumed the likeness of the masters. As this shadowy audience gathered, the strains from the violin changed. To this august assembly he played, but he felt rather than saw them, for always before him was the pictured face of a fair, young girl. The strings of the violin seemed to become alive. From them poured forth softly, but fervently, the tender love of his youth; the increasing, stronger love of his manhood; the thousand ambitions of his heart; the triumphant success of his endeavors; then the awful anguish and despair at the loss of her, his inspiration. As he played, the great masters gathered nearer around him with murmured praise and smilingly nodded approval. And the pictured face beamed radiantly upon him.

As the last notes died away, a soft voice seemed to whisper "Come," and the player sank back in his chair listlessly. But the masters whispered, "Wait; the world must have your music." Mechanically, Guilford reached for paper and pen and began to write. As if urged on by some superior force, he wrote and wrote and wrote the music that told the story of his life, his love. Page after page dropped to the floor. He grew weary, so weary, but still something pushed forward his hand. At length, the last page dropped from his nerveless fingers. The masters disappeared as silently as they had come. Again, a tender, familiar voice whispered, "Come;" and Guilford fell back with a sigh of content and great happiness.

The next morning they found him there, cold and lifeless, in the great arm-chair, before the dead ashes of the burned-out fire. Around him were scattered sheet upon sheet of the exquisitely beautiful music, which has brought tears to so many eyes. In his hand was a picture of a fair girl, and on his face was a smile of perfect joy.





Chalorian German Club

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A. S. GOSS	VICE-PRESIDENT	W. F. R. JOHNSON	VICE-PRESIDENT
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J. L. SPRINGS	TREASURER	J. L. SPRINGS	TREASURER
W. R. HAMPTON	LEADER	W. R. HAMPTON	LEADER

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C. D. BROTHERS	S. McDONALD
J. B. BRAY	S. M. MALLISON
R. BENCENI	W. M. MILLNER
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Yackety, yack, yack,
Rickety, yackety, tap,
Rackety yack, rickety yack,
South Carolina, South Carolina,
Clap, Clap, Clap.

TOAST: Don't worry about the future,
The present is all thou hast,
The future will soon be present,
And the present will soon be past.

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SOUTH CAROLINA CLUB

REGISTRAR'S REPORT

Brothero, C. D.--Accepting Lordship while still in college.
 Cowlee, W. M.--Wearing fireworks into the Mess Hall.
 Craven, J. B.--Precipitating a ball of the "staff of life" into the air, causing it to coincide with the steward's nose.
 Davideon, J. F.--Repeatedly taking Mr. Oliver's name in vain.
 Gray, C. P.--Refusing to be made a 4-Fer.
 Hampton, W. R.--Seen off the campus without his nurse.
 Harreleon, J. W.--Deserting Company to hold a confab with his B. U. W. Spouse.
 Henderson, L.--Going south on Fayetteville street at 11.45 P. M.
 Jones, F. J.--Witnessing more than one performance at the moving-picture show.
 Long, R.--Present at Chapel when the Commandant was out of town.
 Mallison, S. M.--Having ealty pickles in possession.
 Marshall, W. R.--Comparing Tate to a lightning bug.
 Massie, A. B.--Showing disrespect by calling for "P. G."
 Oliver, S. L.--Refusing to partake of the hospitality of Senior Private table No. 3.
 Parker, J. M.--Skipping drill to witness "Shaw" football game.
 Peachall, J. G.--Same and same.
 Pierce, P. P.--Not performing his duties properly as water-boy.
 Pitte, F. M.--Chasing 'possum after taps.
 Price, J. M.--Not reporting "Dit" for talking in ranks.
 Riggs, A. P.--Not being aboard when called for by a young lady.
 Sadler, J. O.--Refusing to wash out bowl at M. I. for "Legs," the latter being eick.
 Sumner, H. N.--Not doing the "Toomer Stunt" correctly on dress parade.
 Tate, C. S.--Making a noise like a planing mill.
 Terrrell, M. H.--Refusing to be party to any flirtations with the female operator of knitting machines.
 Toomer, J. E.--Paying class dues.
 Witherspoon, P.--Drinking the water out of the finger bowls in Mess Hall.



Squibs

"Bill" Ross—"Hello Buck, is that you?"

"Slim"—"Yep, part of me; took a bath this evening."

Lieutenant Young—"Mr. Freeman, how do you come to 'port arms'?"

Freeman—"Bring the girl diagonally across the body."

Prof. C—"Mr. Sexton, what is the initial impulse?"

"Sex."—"I don't know what you are talking about, Professor."

Prof. C—"Then what do you come in here for?"

"Sex."—"Don't know, sir, I just followed the crowd around."

(P. S. He saw the President.)

Prof. Satterfield—"Mr. Buchanan, what is a vacuum?"

"Buck"—"A vacuum is where something was and has just left."

Fresh. Oettenger—"Is it against the Sophomores' rules for a Freshman to wear kid gloves?"

"Swamp" Mallison, when asked by English Professor to what department he belonged, promptly replied, "Senior private, sir."

It is rumored around College that Dr. Rudy is growing feathers so that he can fly without his "air machine."

(Bray and lady in conversation over the 'phone)

Lady—"Say, Mr. Bray, are you going to church?"

Bray—"Yes, ma'am."

Lady—"Well, will you please call for me, as you go."

Bray nodded his head and hung up the receiver.

AS WE ARE

NAME	BETTER KNOWN AS	ALWAYS	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	GREATEST NEED	GOOD FOR
AIRY	Buck	Boeing	Will you talk Wednesday night?	More oil	Work
BASCKS	Dodie	Ditto	Get together	Horse sense	Scraping
BARRETT	Fungus	Same and Same	I'd like to get an ad.	Good looks	Collecting Y. M. C. A. dues
BROTHERS	Tick	Loafing	Without a doubt	Another shark	Five ball
CLARK	Timothy	Hunting	I missed my car	Good bird dog	Getting ads.
COWLES	Romeo	Lying	He shot the conductor	A car of his own	Chauffeur
CRAVEN	Shorty	Dreaming	I low—	Flexible tongue	Scout
DAVIDSON	Legs	Rolling	Oh, you know you didn't	Shave	Laughing
DEAN	Willie	Joking	Well, one minute	A wife	Sporting
DON'GHERTY	C. & O.	Worrying	Say, boys	A letter	Nothing
DUKE	Freddie	Late	Breakfast was late	Coupons	Umpire
EATON	Bones	On time	Is that so?	Weight	Farming
FAISON, R. B.	Ringo	Blindling	Settle your bill	Nothing	Cop
FAISON, W. A.	Goat	Good humored	He did!	Failing ability	Drawing
FOARD	Irish	Drumming	Pay as you go	More bones	Country Merchant

AS WE ARE-Continued

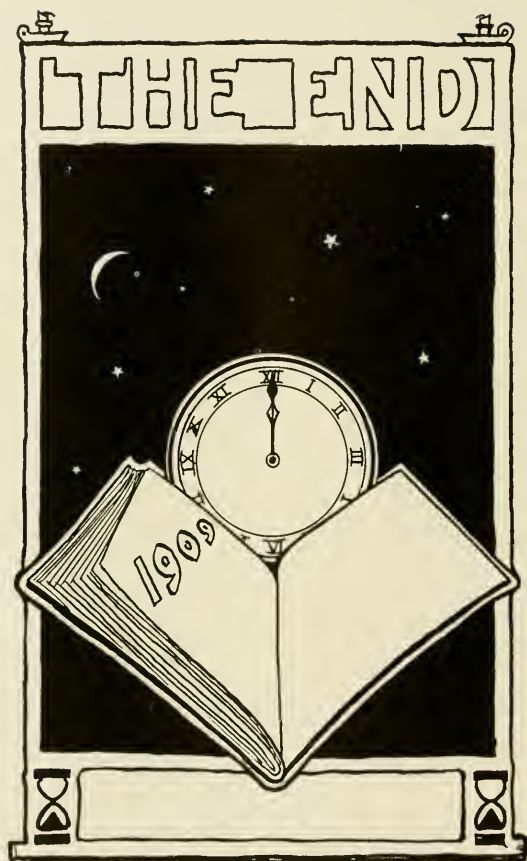
NAME	BETTER KNOWN AS	ALWAYS	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	GREATEST NEED	GOOD FOR
FOX	John	Singing	Come put me in my little bed	Tune book	Running
GATTIS	Shug	Talking	Let us hope so	Another novel	Keeley
GROSS	Sid	Bragging	Have a cheese straw, Prof.	A change	Diploma
GRAY	Charlie	Playing fool	I'll see you	A Jew's harp	Legislature
GREEN	Ezra	Smoking	Where's Butler?	A steady girl	Farmer
HAMPTON	Stump	Sleeping	I'm a pretty good man myself	Beard	Nursery
HARRELSON	Scarp	Legging	He saw it in an ar-tickle	Nerve	Cotton mill
HAYWOOD	Tom	Blowing	That's what 'lowed when you drove up	Brass	Making music
HENDERSON	Sleepy	Silent	By gad!	Plush	Chewing
HIGGINS	Ilig	On lab	By grabs!	A chance to vote	Back woods
HULL	Harvey	Smoking	Got any smoking tobacco	Height	Cleaning pipes
DORNADAY	Hans	Reading	How's tricks?	Twenty-five cents	Most anything (?)
IVEY	John	Working	Let's play tennis	Book on tennis rules	Boating
JOHNSON	Dick	In love	Hullabaloo	Comb and brush	Quart
JONES	Freddie	Down town alone	Vote for me	Complexion balm	Moving pictures

AS WE ARE-Continued

NAME	BETTER KNOWN AS	ALWAYS	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	GREATEST NEED	GOOD FOR
LATHAM	Jimmie	Cutting hair	I'm going to get messed on	More drill	Plowing
LONG	Bullet	Handing it out	Go on, kid, what you giving me?	Candles	Hobo
MALLISON	Swamp	Chewing	I'll buff you one	Liquid	Rodman
MARSHALL	Boy	With girls	Pass the zip	Food	Ragging Bobee
MASON	Tight	Trading	You owe me a nickle	More customers	Score keeper
MASSEY	Slew-Foot	Inspecting	You're rammed	Fewer square miles of foot space	Agriculture
MILLNER	Runt	Playing checkers	Say, boys	A pipe	Strutting
MONTAGUE	Ben	Rifing	Cy Young fanned out	More sporting news	Bracing ladies
MORRIS	Charlie	Prepared	All in?	More time	Everything
OLIVER	Sam	Ramming Freshmen	Where's your board receipt?	Determination	Pole climbing
PARKER	Julius	Visiting	Dad gum!	Drilling	Riddick
PASCUAL	Socrates	Dreaming	Just a little squirt	Job	Going to the park
PERCE	Pete	Bushwa	Who said "Water Jack?"	More Yankee brogue	Carrying water
PITTS	Tossam	Skinning through	Hand me all you got	A pair of dividers	Boning (?)
PRICE	D. F.	Sporting	Where is "Dit?"	A whistle	Posing in uniform

AS WE ARE—Concluded

NAME	BETTER KNOWN AS	ALWAYS	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	GREATEST NEED	GOOD FOR
REINHARDT	Dick	In love	Saw her last night	Someone to love	Matrimony
RIGGS	Prattie	On board	Did she ask for me?	An eye opener	Light house service
ROBERTSON	Two-fer Olin	Ragging Sam Broke	Four-fer Put me in the game, Paul	A tin horn A guardian	Dix Hill Raising watermelons
SADLER	Chemie	Prepared	Stump, give me this reaction	A wife	Fortune
SHERWOOD	R. A.	Complaining	Have you paid your subscription?	Trip to Wake Forest	Constabulary
SHOPE	Shimp	Doing good	Gee whiz!	Nothing	Cotton mill superintendent
SIMPSON	Nubbin	Playing tennis	That's plim	Someone to love him	Helping classmates
SLOAN	Cap	Studying	Shimmy jit	Wig	Farming
STEELE	Steve	Dressed up	By George!	Money	B. U. W.
STEPHENS	Doc	Bulling	Got to go up to the office	Time	Getting sick
STUNER	Pot	Studying	Look here, Bo	Peanuts	Flirt
TERRELL	Bohee	Running a planer	Gaelie	Franklin Truck	One lightning bug power
TATE	Frank	Playing ball	Get 'em up on first satchel	Batting practice	Coach
THOMPSON	J. E.	Experimenting	Did you report me?	Soap	Tardiness
TOOMER	Studie	Eating	By the way—	Commandant's rec. for constab.	Getting left
WHITEHURST	Spicer	With "Legs"	What did Sam say?	Dumple ones	Math
WILSON	Paul	Arguing	Put me in the game, "Griz."	How to stack bones	Track
WITHERSPOON	Bail	Getting left	Oh, you kid!	A girl who won't marry another	Love
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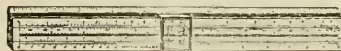
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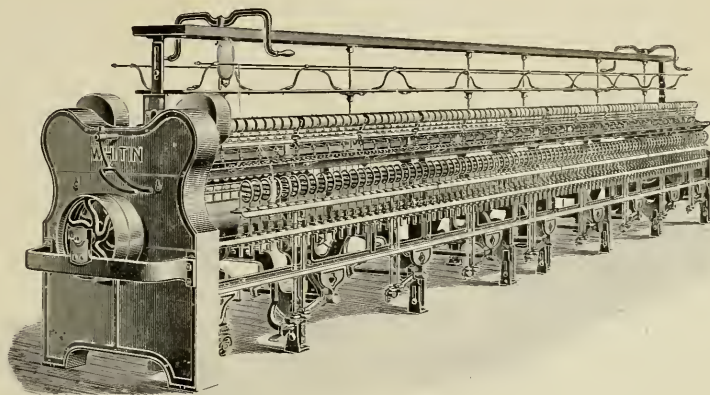


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